

The Ypsilantian

NINTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1888.

NUMBER 440.

DIRECTORIES.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Baptist.
Washenaw Association.
Church on Washington street, corner of Cross—Rev. J. L. Cheney, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at noon, prayer meeting at 6:30, p. m. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.
Congregational.
Jackson Association.
Church on Adams street, corner of Emmet—Rev. M. W. Fairfield, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.
Methodist Episcopal.
Detroit District—Detroit Conference.
Rev. J. Venning, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; class meetings at noon and 6:30, p. m. Sunday school at noon; young people's meeting at 6. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.
Presbyterian.
Detroit Presbytery—Synod of Michigan.
Church on Washington street, corner of Emmet—Rev. J. L. Cheney, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.
Protestant Episcopal.
Diocese of Michigan.
St. Luke's Church, Huron street—Rev. J. L. Cheney, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at noon. Evening service at 4:30 every Friday evening.
Roman Catholic.
Diocese of Detroit.
St. John's Church, Cross street, corner of Hamilton—Rev. Wm. J. McCreary, pastor. First Mass at 8 o'clock Sunday morning; second mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Daily morning mass at 8.
Evangelical Lutheran (German).
Church on Congress street, corner of Grove—Rev. M. Klonke, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at noon.
African Methodist Episcopal.
Michigan District—Indiana Conference.
Rev. J. J. Jeffries, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:15; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.
Young Men's Prayer Meeting Association.
Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock, at the Methodist church in January, Presbyterian in February, Baptist in March, and Congregational in April, and so repeating. H. L. Sanders, president; Chas. Parker, secretary.
Young Women's Christian Association.
Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Leonard corner Cross and Hamilton streets. Ida E. Shaw, president; Maggie Adair, secretary.
Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.
Meeting at Congregational church every Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. B. L. D'Onge, president; Miss Lillie Densmore, secretary.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

Masonic.
Phoenix Lodge, No. 12, F. & A. M.—Meet in Masonic Hall Tuesday evening on or before the full moon of each month. C. C. Vroman, W. M.; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.
Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 128, F. & A. M.—Meet first Thursday in each month, in Masonic Hall. A. McNeil, W. M.; O. D. Wilcoxson, Sec.
Excelsior Chapter, No. 25, R. A. M.—Meet first Friday of each month, at Masonic Hall. A. S. Turnbull, H. P.; F. W. Carpenter, Sec.
Union Council, No. 10, R. & S. M.—Meet third Wednesday in each month, at Masonic Hall. Howard Stephens, W. M.; L. L. Pack, Sec.
Odd Fellows.
Wyandotte Lodge, No. 10, I. O. O. F.—Meet at Odd Fellows' Hall, Union Block, every Monday evening. F. L. Thompson, N. G.; L. Z. Foerster, Sec.
Grand Army of the Republic.
Carpenter Post, No. 150—Meet in A. O. U. W. Hall, first and third Fridays of each month. Col. O. E. Pratt, Com.; E. Holbrook, Adj.
Good Templars.
Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 282—Meet every Saturday evening, in Good Templar Hall. E. J. Martin, C. T.; Miss Emma Hawkins, Sec.
Sons of Temperance.
Ypsilanti Division, No. 106—Meet every Thursday evening, in Good Templar Hall. Joseph Spore, Patriarch; Miss Steffe, Scribe.
Patrons of Husbandry.
Ypsilanti Grange, No. 56—Meet in Grange Hall, Union Block, every Wednesday evening. Mortimer Crane, M. W.; Mrs. N. C. Carpenter, Sec.
United Workmen.
Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 15—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall, second and fourth Wednesday of each month. J. H. Whitney, W. M.; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.; Fred Stein, F.
Washington Lodge, No. 27—Meet first and third Friday of each month, in Masonic Block. F. J. Math, M. W.; C. D. Wilcoxson, Sec.; A. A. Swaine, F.
Knights of Honor.
Meet in Masonic Block, first and third Wednesday of each month. O. E. Thompson, Dic.; J. N. Howland, F. R.; W. W. Carpenter, Sec.; W. B. Eddy, Col.
Royal Arcanum.
Aegia Council, No. 117—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall second and fourth Mondays in each month. A. Lodenham, Regent; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.; W. B. Eddy, Col.
Knights of the Macabees.
Volverine Tote, No. 77—Meet in Masonic Block, second and fourth Wednesday of each month. E. Thompson, S. K. C.; E. Holmes, R. K.
Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.
St. John's Branch, No. 39—Meet every Tuesday evening, in St. John's School Hall. Jas. McCann, Pres.; Jos. Forbes, Sec.
Fraternities.
Ypsilanti Ruling, No. 25—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall, first and third Wednesday of each month. H. D. Barnum, W. R.; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.; H. D. Wells, Col.
Mutual Benefit Society (Colored).
Meet every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, on Chicago avenue. Chas. Anderson, President; Eliza Artis, Sec.
Good Samaritans and Daughters of Samaria (Colored).
Meet every Friday evening, at Davis' Hall. T. S. Roadman, Chief; David York, Sec.

ATTORNEYS.

D. C. GRIFFIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Money Lender, Notes and Mortgages bought and sold. No. 2 South Huron Street.
WILLARD BABBITT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
No. 1 South Huron Street, Ground Floor.
F. HINKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND Real Estate Exchange. Laible Block, Huron Street, Second Floor.
F. C. MORIARTY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Allen & McCorkle's office, Huron Street, Ypsilanti, Mich.

PHYSICIANS.

A. F. KINNE, M. D., RESIDENCE AND OFFICE. Corner Cross and Adams Streets.
F. M. OAKLEY, M. D., OFFICE AND RESIDENCE. First building south of Engine House, Huron Street, Ypsilanti.
MRS. FLORA H. RUCH, M. D.—RESIDENCE and office corner of Washington and Ellis streets, near M. E. church. Office hours from 2 to 4 o'clock p. m.
F. E. OWEN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence, Adams street, between Cross and Emmet.
D. R. KNICKERBOCKER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Corner of Adams and Emmet Sts., Ypsilanti. Telephone at residence.
O. E. PRATT, M. D., HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence on Huron street, opposite Episcopal Church.
A. FRASER, M. D., HOMOEOPATHIC PEARL Street, near Postoffice, Ypsilanti, Mich.
D. R. JAMES HUESTON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence on River street, L. D. Norris place. Telephone No. 45.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. B. MOREHOUSE, REAL ESTATE, FIRE and Life Insurance, Notary Public and Conveyancer. Money to Loan on Real Estate. Office with Hon. E. P. Allen.
L. DUCHESNE & WILCOX, DEALERS IN Italian and American Marble, Scotch, Irish and American Granite. Fine monuments a specialty. Estimates furnished on building work, flagging, etc. Washington street.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

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(GEO. C. SMITH, WM. M. OSBORN.)
The YPSILANTIAN is published each Thursday afternoon, from the office, south side of Congress street.

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Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

Address THE YPSILANTIAN, Ypsilanti, Mich.

SNEAK BURGLARY.—Thieves removed a pane of glass from the rear door of Rogers' book store, Sunday night, and crawled in and rifled the money drawer, getting eight or ten dollars. They crawled out and carefully replaced the pane. The job was undoubtedly executed by local thieves.

BUILDING.—Jasper Colby is building a frame cottage on Race street.

—Mrs. Reynolds is building a two story brick veneer addition, 16x32 feet, on the west side of her brick house at Chicago avenue point, Congress street.

—Mr. John Clark is building another frame dwelling, on the corner of Ellis and Normal streets.

—A. A. Graves has embellished the front of his store with a canvas awning.

RECEPTION.—Principal and Mrs. Still gave a reception to the members of the Senior Class of the Normal School, at their pleasant residence on Forest avenue, last evening. Both entertained and entertained had reason for pride and satisfaction in each other. Certainly, a finer looking or more promising class of young ladies and gentlemen would be hard to find anywhere. This evening a similar reception is given to the members of the Junior Class.

BUSINESS CHANGE.—Mr. Bradley has sold his Huron street market to Mr. James F. Clark, formerly of Banghart & Clark, who takes possession next Monday. Mr. Bradley has built up a fine business in a short time, and has shown himself a good business man, and a desirable citizen. We shall be sorry if he should decide to go away.

—Mr. Dexter of Milan has rented the Barton House and furniture, and takes possession as landlord this week.

AT THE CHURCHES.—Socials and receptions were numerous Wednesday evening. At the Baptist church, there gathered a goodly number to interchange friendly greetings and test the quality of the ice cream and strawberries, abundantly provided for the occasion. At the M. E. Church, an exercise in elocution called together a moderate audience which was delighted by the histrionic success of Estella Kinney Knight. We were so unfortunate as to arrive after the program was completed, and can only record the judgment expressed by others which was very favorable. A pleasant hour was spent about the tables in the church parlor over an elegant dish of ice cream and such pastries as only the most skillful can provide. Ypsilanti never lacks for excellent entertainments where the heavy burdens of daily life may be forgotten and youth renewed.

AN EARLY COMER.—Mr. Stanley who now lives just south of Rawsonville, came to Michigan in Oct., 1883, from western New York, and settled on the farm where he now resides. The Erie canal was at that time the only public channel for travel and railroads were unknown in that section. Even nine years after, when he revisited the home of his childhood, they had not entered. It is a rare thing, now, that we meet men who have clung to the same spot for 53 years, and the present generation will show less stability than that to which Mr. Stanley belongs. This is a restless age, and travel is so constant and so crowding, that the impression is given that the greater share of our population is always on the move, but here, in the same place, Mr. Stanley has spent the strength and the vigor of his youth and passed the Scripture limit of three score and ten. He has a beautiful farm which has grown more attractive as years have passed. Those passing south of Rawsonville, could scarcely overlook the long row of fine maple trees which extends 80 rods along the road side. Those trees are of his own planting, over 50 years ago, and had become a great attraction. A few years since, a ditch was cut in their vicinity which not only drained the country it was designed to drain, but it exhausted the fountains which supplied the well, and now, since the past two seasons of drouth, these beautiful trees are stricken and withered, and many of them are entirely dead. It is a great grief to Mr. Stanley to see these trees die, for they had grown under his eye and sheltered him, many times, from the fierce heat and the storm. Though now 73 years of age, Mr. S. seems to retain the vigor and spirit of early manhood, and bids fair, by reason of strength, to pass his four score years, yet finding in his strength no "labor or sorrow" added thereunto.

See our "Eltion" suitings, double fold, good weight, 1 1/2 cents per yd., worth 25 cents. See HIVE.

Silk mitts 25 and 50 cents at the Bazar-ette.

Challu Cloths are the correct thing for summer dresses. See HIVE.

Ladies' summer vests 25, 35, 50 cents at the Bazar-ette.

A Beast and Two Brutes.

A few days ago a certain man from the country drove to town with a load of wood. After getting rid of his load he hitched his horses on Huron street in such a position that when it began raining in the morning soon after the water from the eaves ran down constantly on the horses. A young man's attention was attracted to it before noon and again late in the afternoon found the team had not been removed, and what was still more surprising on passing by at half past 10 in the evening, found the team still waiting in the same place. The night-watch was notified, and while waiting for the clock to strike eleven so he could remove the horses, went down to one of the saloons and found the animal that belonged to the team, who came and let his faithful horses draw him home.

Died.

Ira T. Colby, an old resident of Ypsilanti township, died Sunday night, aged 77 years. The burial took place at Stony Creek, Tuesday.

In the death of Mr. Colby, disappears the last man who can be properly called an early pioneer in the community in which he lived. There are several ladies in advanced life yet remaining of that hardy group of settlers, but they are rapidly passing away. We have not the precise date of Mr. C.'s settlement, but are told that he had lived in that neighborhood over fifty years. For many years he had suffered great affliction, being both blind and, in great measure, helpless, but while his physical strength was much abated, he seemed in his better moments to retain a deep interest in the movement of events throughout the country. In politics he was an ardent republican, and a friend could do him no more gratifying service than to read to him of passing events. During the war he suffered sore affliction in the loss of near relatives, either an own son or an adopted one having died in one of the rebel prisons. This fact intensified his patriotism which never lacked enthusiastic expression on all suitable occasions, and brought him into full and active sympathy with the soldier element of the country. He always seemed to regard the soldiers as in a sense his own children, and almost the last inquiry upon his lips had reference to them and the ceremonies of Decoration Day. He was wont to express the most lively interest in the future welfare of his country. His patience and piety were conspicuous during all his years of suffering and darkness. His entire life was one of earnest, conscientious effort in the line of duty, and in his last hours he was like one

"Who wears the drapery of his couch about him, And lies down to pleasant dreams."

After an illness of about nine days, Mrs. Zeno Carpenter, mother of P. W. Carpenter of this city, died at the home of her son, Wednesday morning, aged 75 years. Her husband, now in his 80th year, survives. Mr. J. J. Auchampaugh of Detroit, Levi Auchampaugh of Adrian, Mrs. Henry Tator of Warnerville, N. Y., and P. W. Carpenter, of this city are surviving children. Mrs. Carpenter has been a resident of this city ten years, and was most highly respected by all who knew her. The funeral services take place at the residence on Emmet street Friday, June 8, at 10 a. m.

A Delightful Entertainment.

The Sappho Club's musicale, Tuesday evening, was a fitting close of the Club's season. Normal Hall was crowded. The ensemble singing was especially fine—the twenty-five voices harmonizing delightfully. "Oft in the Silly Night" was exquisitely rendered, and provoked the most enthusiastic applause of the evening. "Lead, Kindly Light," Prof. Pease's arrangement, was also beautifully sung. Wayne's Spring Chorus was very fine.

The essays, judging from what we were able to hear, were good, but unfortunately, neither lady possessed voice enough to fill the hall.

Mrs. Moore, of Detroit, who has a very sweet but rather weak voice, sang Mendelssohn's May Song charmingly, and the "Ave Maria" with exquisite feeling. She also sang "Love, Kisses and Rain," a recent composition of Miss Jessie Pease. Miss Pease has infused into this charming song much of her own *chic* and dash, making several unexpected and effective turns in the score. The words are very bright, and we predict that "Love, Kisses and Rain" will be very popular as an encore song.

Miss Julia Carruthers made a favorable impression. She possesses a firm, sympathetic touch and good judgment in shading. Her rendition of Chopin's exquisite Nocturne was delicate and graceful. Miss Carruthers has, however, a very trying habit of bending her head down over the keys.

The Sappho Club may well be proud of its record. Literary work has been a prominent feature of the meetings, and the musical training has been of great value to the city as well as to the ladies.

Ypsilanti is truly a city of clubs, and the Sappho, although still in its infancy, has already won a place in the front rank.

Ypsilanti Home Association.

The 30th annual meeting of the Ypsilanti Home Association will be held in the Baptist church, Tuesday, June 12, at 4 o'clock. Addresses will be made, and the annual reports of the President, Secretary and Treasurer will be read. Refreshments served at 6 o'clock. All interested in the work of this society, and all patrons and former members, are cordially invited.

C. E. DICKINSON, Sec.

Ladies will find the celebrated Reclamer Cream, for the complexion, at the Bazar-ette.

The Cut-Worm and the Wasp.

Nature has nowhere achieved a greater triumph in masking pernicious activity under a sluggish exterior, than in the common cut-worm. To all appearance this worm is a lazy lout, and its limp and passive body gives no idea of its destructive capacity. It is built, however, for business, as many a farmer has found to his sorrow, and its presence in the garden or the corn-field is always accepted as a declaration of war; and it is always a hand to land fight at that. Science and the ingenuity of man have alike failed in more than partially checking its ravages. We became thoroughly acquainted with the little beast, years ago, when they destroyed about 4000 raspberry plants for us and effectually brought our "best laid schemes" to naught. On our plantation we discovered no less than six varieties. There was the old gray-back that burrowed near the plant at night, and gorged itself on the young shoot at night; others were "walking delegates," and were most active when the sun shone brightest; others filled themselves on the fat of the land at night, and roosted in trees during the day; some had big heads and some, big bodies, but all got in their work in a manner that would do credit to an anarchist or a subterranean politician. They are utterly devoid of conscience, and the sorrows of a poor old man's appeal in vain to their dormant sensibilities. Fortunately, however, they have their enemies, in the insect world, and the gratitude we feel for the valiant service they rendered us at last, will never die out. Living, they deserve a "silver crown," and dying, a monument of enduring brass. One of these enemies is a blue wasp, with short body and a beetle head. Nature did some extra fine work on this blue wasp, but she had an eye to utility rather than beauty. In the first place, she gave it fleetness of foot and keenness of scent, for it will run with the speed of a "swift," and smell out the hiding places of the worm with accuracy and dispatch. Unlike the politician, it puts its nose to the ground instead of its ears, and when the prey is seized, it proceeds at once to perform an operation the most wonderful in nature, and it is done with accuracy and a skill which the best trained surgeon might well covet. The nervous system of the worm consists of small ganglia symmetrically arranged throughout its body, some of which probably control locomotion. The wasp, in its chase after the worm, it will be observed, is not hunting food for itself but for its young, the egg for which is not yet deposited. When it catches the worm, it does not kill it, but thrusting its sting into the nervous ganglion which controls locomotion, it paralyzes it. No surgeon could wield his knife with more intelligence or surer results. The wasp knows exactly where that ganglion lies, and drives home the sting with the celerity of an expert. Having done this, it carries the paralyzed worm to the angle formed by the leaf and the stem on some species of grass. This is evidently done so another wasp cannot find it and log it off while the owner is digging a hole in the sand to bury it. It must be borne in mind that the wasp runs with its nose on the ground or near it, and never looks up. Hence the worm hung in the angle is not discovered. Having made safe its prey, the wasp hunts out a suitable place and digs a hole, then brings the opening and close to it, goes in, turns around, comes out again and, seizing the worm, drags it in. Depositing the egg within the worm, it comes out, and, with its six nimble feet, scratches the loose dirt into the hole, pounding it down with its beetle head. It uses its head for this purpose three or four times during the process of filling the hole. The wisdom of simply paralyzing the worm, is seen in the fact that if it was killed, it would decay and disappear before the young wasp was ready to feed upon it; but paralyzed, it remains and the young wasp wakes to consciousness to find the table spread and the feast all duly prepared. We have watched these wasps many an hour and on many occasions, and while we have watched, we have wondered, whence the intelligence implied in its methods? How came the wasp to know the difference between paralysis and death as related to decay? Who told it where to thrust its sting to produce the result it seeks and must have, in order to perpetuate its species? Can Darwin or Huxley or any other evolutionist, explain it otherwise than by referring it to creative intelligence at once above and independent of it?

Medical Society.

The Washtenaw County Medical Society holds its eighty-ninth regular quarterly meeting at the Hawkins House tomorrow (Friday). Persons interested in medical subjects will be welcomed.

The Michigan State Medical Society will hold its twenty-third annual meeting in Detroit, June 14 and 15. The meeting is expected to be one of unusual interest this year. The work of the association, which has hitherto all been done in general sessions, will largely be done in sections hereafter, giving much more time for papers and discussions on each particular branch of medicine, as in the American Medical Association and the International Congress of Medicine. Dr. McGraw is president of the society.

Generous entertainment and delightful excursions are arranged by the citizens and members of the fraternity in Detroit.

Lost, between the residences of S. H. Dodge and Joseph Miller, one kid slipper with large tin buckle. Finder will please leave the same at W. C. Stevens' store.

Best 50 cent corsets at the Bazar-ette.

M. P. A.

The meeting of the Michigan Press Association in Detroit last week was an important event, and we regret that we were unable to attend its sessions. Mr. Powers, formerly connected with The Ypsilantian, read a paper upon city and country journalism, the only fault of which was its great length. It was carefully prepared and contained much valuable matter. Mr. Powers came within three votes of the presidency of the association, and was elected vice-president.

Mr. Beal, of the Ann Arbor Courier, read a paper upon the relative value of a college education and a printing office education as preparation for the editorial profession, favoring the former. Lively discussions followed.

The Evening Journal wastes two-thirds of a column in declaring that no such question exists—that the man with best aptitude will make the best editor, whether college or office bred, and neither the college nor the office can make him a good editor without aptitude. The Journal is very blind. The question is very clear and very practical. Any man embarking as a journalist will have some measure of success or some measure of failure. Will his success be greater and his failure less, if he be equipped with college education and no practical experience, or if he have come up through the grades in the office and not the college? We decidedly prefer the latter.

The Valley of the Rio Grande.

BY O. A. CRITCHETT.
[Continued.]

Mr. Kellogg bought his land in 1885 for less than five dollars per acre. The price of land since the advent of Americans has gone steadily up. Now, good brush land is worth \$8 to \$10 per acre, and cultivated land varies in price from \$15 to \$50. Whether, after a few years of American cultivation, prices will go wild as in Southern California is yet to be determined. The great inducement in California is said to be its climate. But the climate of this valley can hardly be surpassed, and is said to be similar to that of Central California. The month of March with slight exceptions, was soft and balmy as May in Michigan. There were a few windy days, but no cold or damp winds. The only doubt I have is as to the heat of summer. But the altitude is great—3700 feet—the air is dry and the nights always cool, and Michigan people who live there say that the heat is easier to bear than in Michigan.

Wages of workmen are very low. Mexican labor commands from sixty to seventy-five cents per day, and the laborer boards himself. The settler should at least be able to own "ten acres and a mule."

The present system of irrigation is defective and poorly managed, and yet the supply of water is entirely sufficient for present needs and the cost is small. A company has just been chartered for the purpose of constructing a canal from above El Paso down the center of the valley, which is expected to be sufficient to irrigate the whole. A preliminary survey is now being made, and the project is in a fair way to be carried through.

Under the Mexican regime there were no system of highways, no fences except to inclose a garden or corral stock, and no such occupancy of farms as with us. All the inhabitants lived in villages—probably by reason of the frequency of Indian raids—and rode to and from their labor over the lands of their neighbors as they chose. The Americans, of course, are establishing highways and building upon their farms. Ordinarily they follow the custom of the country and build adobe houses. These are commonly of one story, but very comfortable, being warm in winter and cool in summer, and may be made in every way as tidy and luxurious as wood or brick.

All the products of the valley find ready market at good prices in the city of El Paso and in the towns and mining camps of New Mexico and Arizona. No very limited quantity of arable land in this quarter of the country, and the vast territory which must always rely upon it for many of the necessary products of the farm and garden, there can ever be an over supply. The fruits of Southern California, on their way to Eastern markets, pass through this valley, but must be carried eight hundred miles before they reach it.

El Paso in 1881 had about two hundred inhabitants, most of whom were Mexicans; now she has upwards of ten thousand people including representatives of all nations. I passed from the office of a bright, intelligent physician from Ohio, across the street, and within the next block saw the sign of Ah Sin, "Chinese Medicine." Five railroads center here, and another is on the way. The public institutions and improvements include an excellent public school, a fine large court house costing \$110,000, water works and electric lights. A large appropriation for government buildings has been made. Two smelting establishments are in active operation. The retail and jobbing trades are both large.

Standing at the gate of Mexico, the principal port of entry between the two republics, almost equidistant from San Francisco, St. Louis, New Orleans and the City of Mexico, El Paso will not be limited in her growth by the growth of the immediately surrounding country, but must in some degree keep pace with the volume of international commerce, which is rapidly increasing. She is doubtless the coming metropolis of the great Southwest.

Best 50 cent corsets at the Bazar-ette.

Personal.

Mrs. Dr. Faraway, late of Dakota, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Geddes, of Ann Arbor township. She informs us that they find the climate of Dakota congenial and have concluded to change their location.

Mr. Paul, of the State University, attended services at the M. E. church last Sunday. He is interested in Sunday-School work at Geddes.

Prof. Daniel Putnam conducted services for Rev. Mr. Venning Sunday morning, preaching a very thoughtful and interesting sermon from the text: "No one liveth to himself and no one dieth to himself." The Professor's words are always welcome in any congregation, and carry with them great weight.

Rev. Mr. Venning's absence from his pulpit last Sunday, was owing to temporary illness.

Ex-Mayor Cornwell left for St. Louis Sunday night, on business, but expects meantime to take in the democrat convention.

Mr. Cheney, Baptist pastor here, went to Kalamazoo College, Monday, with Prof. Beman, of the University, as members of the State Examining Board, being absent two days.

Rev. Mr. Kirkby, of St. John's church, Detroit, conducted services at St. Luke's last Sabbath.

Rev. Mr. McLean, former pastor of St. Luke's, was in the city May 25th. He came to attend the funeral of Miss Lettie Camp.

Mrs. J. Willard Babbitt and Miss Lydia Spencer went as delegates to the Women's Auxiliary of the Episcopal church that met at Jackson, June 5th.

Ira B. Latta and wife returned from Florida Tuesday night last, much improved in health. They intend to return to Florida again in the autumn.

Mr. Charles Wines, of Chelsea, is to be congratulated on his architectural skill as his new home witnesses.

Eugene Dodge left for Cleveland, O., last Monday, for the purpose of attending a course of lectures to be delivered by the celebrated optician, Prof. King, of Cleveland, and also to receive practical instruction in the science of optics.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowling returned Saturday night.

Mrs. J. Buland spent Sunday in Jackson. Mr. George West, a former Ypsilanti boy, is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. John Gies and Miss Eva Duffy were married Wednesday.

Mrs. J. C. Voorhies accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Geo. A. Cook of this city, will spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. M. Williams of St. Joseph, Mo.

Prof. Dewey of the University inspected the High School graduate Monday last, with a view to their admission to the University on diploma.

Mr. W. M. Clark spent Tuesday and Wednesday in this city. He is in the interest of the Detroit Tribune.

Mayor Bogardus took a run out into Minnesota, last week, and returns with the conviction that the West is a big patch of territory.

Miss Fannie Bogardus returned to New York, Saturday.

Mrs. W. L. McCullough and Master Roy will spend the next three or four weeks with relatives in this city.

Prof. and Mrs. Hodge are visiting in the city.

Mrs. E. R. Sleight, of Moline, Illinois, en route east for a visit at Saratoga, Boston, and other New England and New York points, stopped here from Tuesday morning until evening, as the guest of Mr. Geo. C. Smith.

Miss Cornie Howland who has been spending the past three months in New York City among friends, returned Wednesday, of this week. She was accompanied by her cousin, Mr. Harry James who will rusticate here for a few weeks.

Excursion Rates for Conventions.

The Michigan Central will sell tickets for the following meetings at one first class fare for the round trip:

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Cincinnati, tickets sold June 9, 10, and 11, good to return to 18th.

FESTIVAL NORTH AMERICAN SANGERBAND.
St. Louis, tickets sold June 11, 12 and 13, good to return to June 18th.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.
Chicago, tickets sold June 16, 17 and 18, good to return to June 23.

ROMAN CATHOLIC UNION OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.
Louisville, Ky., tickets sold June 22 and 25, good to return to June 27th.

All persons that are indebted to me will please call and settle immediately. Also any person having pictures at my gallery will please call and get them before July 1st, at which time my successor takes possession. Thanking all my patrons for past favors I hope you may continue to patronize the same gallery as my successor is a man of experience and no doubt will please you.

J. J. STEPHENSON.

Men's linen, pleated bosom, laundried shirts only 98c at the Bee Hive.

Japanese parasols and fans, for decorating, at the Bazar-ette.

Men's balbrigan undershirts for 35c worth 50c, at the Bee Hive.

Feather fans 25, 50, 1.00, 1.25 at the Bazar-ette.

Our Acme Java Coffee is fine. Lots of strawberries this week at Harris Bros. & Co.

Children's mitts, gloves and hosiery at the Bazar-ette.

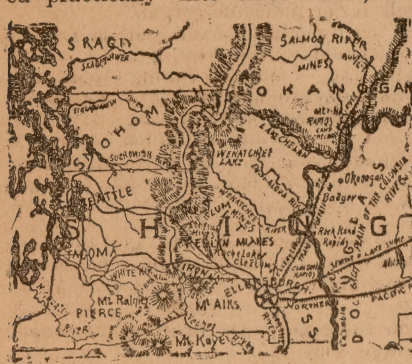
Mere Mention.

The members of the State Board of Education were in the city Monday. Normal interests called them together.

Rev. M. W. Fairfield surprised his congregation, last Sunday morning, by tendering his resignation as pastor of the Congregational church, and asking to be relieved by the 1st of August. No official action has yet been taken upon the matter.

Pocket-book found, containing money. Inquire of Dr. Knickerbocker.

(Special Correspondence.)
THE GREAT NORTHWEST.
Another Very Interesting Letter From Our Washington Territory Correspondent.



ELLENSBURGH, W. T., May 28.—If you look at a map of Washington Territory you will notice that Kittitas county lies about half way between the Idaho line and the coast. Its outlines are irregular. The Cascade mountains form its western boundary and the Columbia river its eastern. From the mountains to the river is a gradual slope, the county being divided practically into three zones, the timber and mineral region of the mountains and their foothills; the arable land of the Kittitas valley and the grazing land which stretches from the valley to the river. The Yahima river, a branch of the Columbia, flows through the county, affording with numberless smaller streams an ample supply of pure, fresh water. In the mountains are rich deposits of coal, iron, gold, silver, copper and other minerals as yet almost undeveloped. The Northern Pacific Coal company is mining 500 tons of coal daily, and paying out \$40,000 or \$50,000 a month to the miners, but this is a mere bagatelle compared to the output of the near future, for there is a vast country daily growing in population as a market for this coal, and mines as extensive as those of Pennsylvania will be needed, ere many years have passed by, to supply this demand. And then, supplementing the coal mines, are the iron deposits, which have already attracted foreign capital. The Moss Bay Steel Works of England are about to establish an extensive plant in the county, near Cle Elum, some twenty-five miles from Ellensburg, which will represent an investment of \$2,000,000, and give employment to 2,000 and more men. It is thought by experts who are now investigating the question, that natural gas exists near these mineral beds; if this surmise proves true an immense manufacturing centre is assured. Coal oil is also one of the possible finds of the future, though the explorations in this direction have not yet been pushed far enough to determine definitely if it exists in the county or not. Besides their mineral resources the Cascades are covered with inexhaustible forests of pine, fir and cedar, so that the fuel and lumber question is not one that causes any anxiety to the citizens of Kittitas county. Next to the timber and mineral belt, as I have noted above, lies the agricultural region, the Kittitas valley—with Ellensburg, the county-seat, as its central point of attraction. The valley is thirty miles long by fifteen miles in width. The mountains and foothills surround it on all sides, and the Yahima River meanders its way through its whole length. Flowing into this main stream are a number of smaller creeks and brooks the water from which at but a trifling cost can be turned through the fields and over the meadows, converting them into agricultural land of surprising fertility—land which is fertile and productive even in the driest years, for land that can be easily irrigated is independent of rains and the farmers of the Kittitas Valley are in no different and do not care whether it ever rains or not. No failure of crops has ever been known and the wheat yield reaches 30 bushels as a medium crop. As for barley and oats they run from 50 to 65 bushels, although Rev. A. J. Dodge raised on a farm near here 115 bushels of barley to an acre of ground. Hay cuts from two to three and sometimes as high as four tons to the acre. There are several lakes in the county abounding in fish; trout weighing as high as four pounds, are caught in the Yahima river and its tributary streams. There are five flour mills in the county all running to their full capacity. The fact is that the territory directly tributary to Ellensburg and the surrounding valley, would make a good sized state East, or an important empire in Europe. Kittitas county alone with its 3600 square miles is larger than Rhode Island and Delaware combined, and has as great natural advantages as they have, if not greater. But besides the county, there is a vast tributary territory. It is the nearest possible location for a town of any importance between here and Puget Sound, and it is the nearest point to the Salmon River mining country with a line of railway and which at present it supplies with all the necessities of life. When the mines to the west and north are fully developed and the land is all occupied it needs no prophet to predict that Ellensburg must be a large and important business centre. And this leads one to say something of the town itself. Ellensburg was christened after the wife of Mr. John A. Shoudy, its pioneer settler. Nominally it is eight years old, practically it is only two, because it is just that long since the advent of the railroad. Its population then was 600, to-day it is 2,000, possibly more, before the snow flies 1,000 can safely be added to this figure. Its streets are broad and well laid out, many of them being ornamented with trees. Electric lights and an extensive water system will be introduced this summer, an Opera house, Masonic Temple, Odd Fellows' Hall, foundry and two hotels, are the most important buildings now contemplated, though there are several brick blocks and any number of private buildings now being erected. As regards railroads, Ellensburg already has direct connection east and west through the Northern Pacific. A glance at the map, however, will show that this road intersects at a point west from Spokane Falls takes at that point a southwesterly course to the Columbia river and then turns north again so that Ellensburg is on almost a direct line between the Falls and Puget Sound. A new and shorter road is to be built along this route through the Big Bend country as a branch,

possibly the main line eventually of the Northern Pacific system. To this will be added, as soon as the rails can be laid, an independent railroad, the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern which passing through Ellensburg will connect with the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba system forming a new transcontinental route. These great through lines, with branches to the Cascade and Salmon river mines, will make Ellensburg an important trade and railroad centre. Last year the town spent over \$100,000 in new buildings, and its trade reached one and a half million dollars. The railroad receipts from freight alone, at this writing are nearly \$20,000 a month, while the assessed value of the town is \$750,000, and for the whole county two million dollars. There are two banks, three newspapers, five or six churches, a fine Presbyterian academy, a large public school, an extensive fair grounds, railroad machine shops, a round house, stores, etc. Socially, Ellensburg is a charming place of residence, while from a business point of view it occupies the fifth place in importance among the cities of Washington Territory. This fact, together with its central location, has attracted general attention to the town as the most advantageous site for the capital when Washington Territory becomes a State. East of the valley, lying between it and the Columbia, are the grazing lands before referred to. Thousands of herds of cattle and horses are raised here annually. Thanks to the warm, genial climate of the Pacific coast they require but little if any feeding the year around, and then only for a short time in the month of January, which is practically the only winter month in the Kittitas Valley. The thermometer ranges from a winter average of 36 degrees to a summer average of 73 degrees. The Chinook wind blowing from the Japanese current in the Pacific, tempers the climate, preventing extremes of either cold or heat and rendering it both healthy and pleasant. Last winter—a season of exceptional cold all over the world—did not prevent the flowers from blooming on the Washington prairies in February and March, at the very time when east of the Rockies, and even in New York, all traffic was suspended by the heavy snow storms. In summer thunder showers are rare and cyclones or blizzards are only known to the Washingtonians from reading about them in the papers. It will be readily seen that with a climate and pasture facilities like those I have noted, together with an abundance of cool, clear water, Kittitas county affords a splendid opening for the establishment of creameries and cheese factories. Besides the local deer and game, and the Puget Sound cities of Tacoma and Seattle as a market for the dairyman with all the territory tributary to Ellensburg and lying between it and the coast. The Secretary of the Board of Trade, Mr. S. W. Barnes, who is ever ready to give strangers any desired information, assures me that any quantity of milk and cream could be obtained from the valley farmers for creamery purposes. There is an excellent opening also for brick yards; for although there are three here now the supply does not begin to equal the demand. In a word Ellensburg has a future before her which assures success to all who with honesty, industry and perseverance come to make the Kittitas Valley their home.

Louis XVI. and the Bastille.
The king who hesitates is very often lost just as much as though he were an ordinary mortal. A very interesting discovery of recent date shows that if Louis XVI. had only been a little less dithering he might have prevented the taking of the Bastille, and possibly changed the course of his reign. It is very clearly proved that in 1788 he had given his conditional approval to a plan for demolishing the Bastille and for laying out the site as a garden; and a plan was actually prepared showing how the proposed change could be effected, but the king, unfortunately for himself, did not at once approve this plan when it was placed before him. He said he would think about it, and while he was thinking of it, and more stirring events followed, till presently, on July 14, 1789, the Parisians, tired of waiting for the king's consent, pulled down the Bastille on their own account. The original plan for laying out the site as a public garden is still in existence, and may be seen by the curious among the historical treasures at the National library at Paris.—*London Figaro.*

Miss Rives and Her Father.
Miss Amelie Rives, the young authoress, will spend the early part of next season with friends in this city. She will be accompanied by her younger sister, who is said to be even more beautiful than herself. A friend of the family says that Col. Rives, the father of the young lady, is very wroth over the publication of her story, "The Quick and the Dead." He has carefully edited her former work and pruned down her fanciful vagaries, but he is in Paris at present on some railroad business and has been shocked and angered by the story and the criticisms which have been passed upon it. It is said that Miss Rives anticipated this and took pains to have the book rushed through the press before her father's return. He will come back with some warm words for the young lady and will keep a closer watch on her literary ventures in the future than he has in the past.—*Boston Post.*

Men are Bigger Than They Used to Be.
I have measured a great many Roman coffins, and my average shows that the Roman could not have greatly exceeded five feet five inches. In taking measurement of ancient armor I find that the English aristocracy have decidedly increased in average height in five hundred years.

I measured twenty-five mummies in the British museum, as nearly as I could through the cases, making estimates for wrapping, and I found the average height of males sixty-one inches, females fifty-five inches.

The mummy of the celebrated Cleopatra measures about fifty-four inches, about the height of the present European girl of 13. The most ancient mummy of an Egyptian king yet discovered measured fifty-two inches.—*Nature.*

New York is investigating the effects upon the nation of the electric lights on the Big Bend country as a branch,

STATE NEWS.

A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

ILLINOIS.

—Jacob Ross, aged 10, was smothered in a grain elevator at Ocoy.

—Hogs about Galena and the Southern part of Wisconsin are dying in large numbers of cholera.

—At Elgin, Mrs. Charles Meyer and her child, whom she was trying to save, were killed by a freight train.

—Eddie, the fifteen-year-old son of Edwin Stone, living near Hammond, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

—A postoffice has been established at Cayton, Williamson County, and Robert A. Cayton appointed postmaster.

—Locusts in large quantities are being found in some sections of Central Illinois. It is thought they are the "seventeen-year" species.

—At Saybrook seven fine horses were killed by being struck by a passenger train of the Lake Erie & Western road. The loss is at least \$1,000.

—The annual meeting of the Illinois Sunday School Convention was held at Rockford. Cook County pledged \$1,500 for the work of the next year.

—During a storm, a horse ridden by a farmer named Remine, living near Heyward, was killed by lightning and Remine was badly injured.

—Fred Mathieson, editor and publisher of the O'Fallon Journal, committed suicide. He was found dead in bed with a rifle lying by his side.

—George Cronk, of Geneseo, a young man about twenty years of age, committed suicide by hanging himself in his father's harness shop. No cause can be given for this act.

—The annual reunion of the Tenth Illinois Volunteer was held at Sterling. Colonel H. T. Noble, of Dixon was elected President for the ensuing year.

—W. S. Phillips has been appointed superintendent of the State Blind Asylum, to succeed his brother, Rev. F. W. Phillips, who died last winter, after having held the position for thirteen years.

—C. C. Ellingsworth of Richland county, supposed to be nearly the last of a band of small operators in counterfeit money in Southern Illinois, was sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

—Albert Robinson, of Roselawn, Ind., stole a team of horses from his employer William Singer, who resides near Joliet, and came to Mattoon where he was arrested. He admits having stolen the horses.

—Fifteen Cook county prisoners have been released from Joliet penitentiary during the month of May, eight of them retaining their liberty in one day, after serving one year sentences, and all taking the first train for Chicago.

—The jury in the trial of Richard Berry for the murder of Charles Rule brought in a verdict of guilty, and sentenced him to five years in the penitentiary. Rule had been intimate with Berry's wife, and the enraged husband shot him.

—Miss Andrew J. White, of Peoria, drowned herself in a neighbor's cistern. She was about fifty-two years of age, and belongs to a highly respected family. She has been insane for some time, and had been home only about two weeks from Jackson-ville.

—Dr. A. C. Ferre, a prominent dentist, was found dead in bed. He committed suicide by swallowing morphine, and left a letter saying he was tired of life. Dr. Ferre was an active G. A. R. man, member of the A. O. U. W., Masons, and Mutual Aid Association.

—In the Circuit Court Thomas Waggoner, of Jacksonville, was sent to the county jail for three months and was ordered away from the polls for five years. This was the first conviction under the new election laws. Waggoner was a decided expert in coaxing money from candidates for pretended electioneering purposes.

—David Webster, a bachelor and a well-to-do farmer living south of Naperville, was assaulted, gagged and robbed of \$27. Mr. Webster was brutally beaten by the robbers, but refused to tell where his money was, and thus succeeded in saving \$1,300 which was hidden about the building.

—A. A. Woodruff, of Rockford, the old "candy man" who had been married longer than any man in the State, died at his home, aged ninety. His wife, who survives him, is the same age. They had been married sixty-nine years. For some years the anniversaries of this couple have been famous, and they have received presents from unknown friends as well as known friends. He had lived in Rockford forty years, and was known among the children far and wide for his old-fashioned molasses candy.

MICHIGAN.

—Charles Knapf, a marine reporter, was drowned at Port Huron.

—The State Central Committee fixed the Democratic State Convention in Detroit for July 10.

—R. H. Bohn's saw and planning mill near Charlotte, was burned. Loss, \$6,000; no insurance.

—A. R. Richardson, of Alpena, a prominent farmer, was killed, being run over by a heavy load roller.

—Dr. John S. Foley, of St. Martin's Church, Baltimore, has been appointed Bishop of Detroit.

—C. H. Hackley has given \$100,000 for a public library in Muskegon. The school board are made trustees.

—Russell Kellogg, of Battle Creek, aged seventy-four years, is cutting his third, and perhaps his last set of teeth.

—The Salvation Army of Kalamazoo, consisting of a captain and five soldiers, were jailed for disturbing the peace and obstructing the streets.

—The Comptroller of the Currency has authorized the First National Bank of St. Ignace, to begin business with a capital of \$50,000.

—At Grand Rapids, Joseph Summerman, aged 20 and a married man of four weeks' standing, was caught in a pulley at Cupples' Wooden Ware Factory and fatally hurt.

—James Kelly, a woodsman who recently sold property near Marquette, came to Cadillac, having \$800. A sharper got hold of him, made him drunk, and then robbed him.

—The City Council at the \$500 have at last waked up on the sewer question and given the sewer contractors six days to get to business. As they are under bonds there is some prospect of something being done.

—A hundred bottles of beer were delivered by mistake, in Detroit, at the house of a W. C. T. U. woman who promptly smashed them into the gutter. Mr. Bagard, the beer seller, will settle with Mrs. Travers in the courts.

—Albert Dodge, a young lawyer of Fowlerville, chairman of the executive committee, has been designated by the Prohibition State Central Committee to push party interests in the field this campaign.

—E. H. Allison, government interpreter and scout, who has long experience with the Sioux Indians is a Michigan man. He left the university and entered the Union army, then went on the plains, but is now lecturing before the Y. M. C. A. at Kalamazoo.

—In the Toledo and Saginaw Transportation Company's ship yard at Marine City workmen were engaged in raising the shears which were to be used in the construction of a new tugboat, when a guy rope broke, allowing the poles to fall. One of them struck Thomas Waterson on the head, crushing his skull.

—P. O'Dell, of Chicago; S. W. Osterhout of Grand Rapids; William Poling, of Detroit; and James Knowlton, of Milwaukee,

Wis., representing the creditors of Michael Engelmann's estate, having named James Gamble, of Washington, D. C., to co-operate with Otto Kilsinger as joint receiver of the Manistee Salt and Lumber Company's business.

—Dr. J. S. Reeves, of East Tawas, died Wednesday, and twenty years ago. He was a veteran Free Mason, and during the war was a surgeon in the army, and at the battle of Atlanta and during all of that campaign he was surgeon for one division of the Seventeenth Army Corps. He stood high in his profession, and was in all respects a sterling old patriot and good citizen.

—James K. Perlinson, the one-armed veteran with four wives, who pleaded insanity as defense upon his trial for bigamy, which ended in a conviction, was sentenced to prison at Jackson for five years. He promises when released to clear up the complications and legal matters of his last wife, who lives at Grand Rapids, and she vows she will be faithful to him.

—The propeller California, which lies in fifty feet of water, twelve miles from Mackinaw, on the north shore of Lake Michigan, has been purchased by E. Pease, who will raise and repair her. The California, four years old, was lost on October 3, 1887, and nine lives were lost by the disaster. Divers report the boat resting on the clay bottom and in excellent condition. She was built at Hamilton in 1872, and was one of the staunchest craft afloat. Her value last year was \$35,000, and was insured for \$25,000.

—The pension of Mrs. Harrington, of Coldwater, be-reissued. Lieutenant Harrington fell at the battle of the Little Big Horn, when Custer and his command were killed. Mrs. Harrington's subsequent insanity and her husband's death, which she believed to be living and held captive by the savans, led the pension office to cut off her pension. Her friends protested, but the government chose to consider her dead, though her return and her hopeless dementia and utter despair, which have long been the subject of absolute proof. Congressman O'Donnell has pushed her case to a final recognition and restoration.

—An Iowa County romance was ended in Grand Rapids by officers of the law. Frank Marble is a young hired man for George Dietz, a farmer in Illinois County, and he loved the old man's pretty daughter Rosa and was living with her. The father was opposed to the match, and Saturday night the girl escaped from her chamber window, and with the old man's best team and lumber wagon the couple fled, going to Greenville, where the rice was sold, and then to Grand Rapids, and after a short sojourn, he was released, and returned home to be forgiven.

INDIANA.

—James Reynolds was run over by a train at Seymour, yesterday, and had both legs cut off.

—The enumeration of Hancock County school children this year is 5,968, or 235 less than last year.

—A good gas well was drilled twelve miles south of Wabash. It is to be used to supply that city.

—Mrs. Joseph Jackson, of New Albany, whose husband was adjudged insane a few days ago, has lost her mind.

—Martin Hackett, the base ball catcher, recently released by Indianapolis, will be come a member of the New York club.

—Fire destroyed eighteen large sheds and a lot of valuable machinery in one of the brick yards at Chesterton. The loss is \$15,000.

—Alfred Gilham, a Delphi farmer, has been arrested as guilty of criminally assaulting a domestic named Cora Starkey, two weeks ago.

—The German Baptist Conference at Manchester, decided on Bridgewater, Va., as the place for holding the next annual conference in May, 1890.

—The third trial of the case against Henry Benver, ex-Treasurer of Huntington county, on his official bond being held. The amount demanded is \$16,000.

—At East Germantown, Frank Shanks seriously and almost fatally stabbed Lulu Penny, to whom he was engaged, because she objected to his habits of drink.

—The Grand Lodge of the I. O. B. B. (Pal Brith) adjourned after a three days' session at Terre Haute. Joseph May, of Cincinnati, was elected President.

—Captain W. S. Wolfe, of Evansville, got a catch of 120 pounds on his line. The fish pulled him into the raging Ohio, and he was rescued with great difficulty. He got the fish.

—A young druggist of Fairmont, Edward Cassell, was drowned in a small lake eight miles south of Marion, while fishing. His body was recovered. Cassell was intoxicated.

—Charles Jackson, 16 years old, son of Edward Jackson, living near Bloomington, was drowned while fishing. He was seized with a fit and fell into the river, and was dead when found.

—At Muncie, gas which had escaped into the trenches of the underground pipes became ignited, and the explosion tore up several yards of heavy stone sidewalk around the Court House.

—The east-bound Wabash passenger train ran over and killed Adam Stumbaugh, six miles west of Logansport. Stumbaugh was on his way to his farm. He was an early settler, 68 years old.

—Prof. M. J. Mallory, for six years superintendent of the Danville public schools, has accepted a similar position at Cleveland, O., and will be succeeded by Prof. A. Jones, late of Zionsville.

—In the Bartholomew County Circuit Court Otto Bazzell, George Hill and Scott Bedgood were sentenced to pay the penalty for assaulting Mrs. A. T. Tifford, a young married woman of Jonesville.

—Mrs. George Reed, of Nappanee, took her three months' old child in her arms leaped into a well and was drowned. She left an affectionate note for her husband, in which she said she was tired of this world and desired rest.

—William F. Hinkle, farmer, of Davies County, was recently put off an Evansville & Indianapolis train, as he insisted on paying his fare with a ticket dated Dec. 17, 1887, and good for only thirty days. He now goes for \$2,000 damages.

—Very Rev. Father E. Sorin, of South Bend, Superior General of the Order of the Holy Cross, celebrated his fiftieth year as a Catholic priest, and the event was celebrated in a fitting manner by the members of the order and the students at Notre Dame.

—The Dearborn County Horse Thief Detective Association has employed a noted detective to run down and get the names of the gang of thieves that have been preying on their vocation so disastrously to the farmers of the section during the past thirty days.

—Fred Taylor, who attempted to kill and rob Alex Baker, a wealthy farmer, living about six miles north of Shoals, was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary by Judge Heffron. The Ballard and Archer murder cases were postponed until the 11th and 15th of June.

—The electric interlocking switch tower at the junction of the West Wayne, Grand Trunk and Nickel-plate Railroads west of Yalpersino, was destroyed by fire. The interlocking being manipulated from this tower, all the machinery was destroyed, involving a loss of several thousand dollars to the Grand Trunk Company.

—Two highway robbers confined in jail at Monticello, a wealthy farmer, attacked Sheriff Henderson with an iron bar when he came to lock them in their cells, broke his skull and one arm, perhaps fatally injuring him, and with Edward Chamberlain, the murderer of Ida Wittenberg, escaped. Chamberlain and one of the robbers were afterwards captured.

Lovers in Luck.

They had to conceal their love. The parents were solid against the match. They selected unwonted hours and extraordinary places to walk and talk. One afternoon they had met by a pre-arranged accident, and they were going for a walk in the suburbs. They came up a quiet street and found a whole lot of carriages, waiting apparently for a funeral. The procession was just starting, and as they came up a hackman most politely took off his hat and waved them into a hack. They did not hesitate. They stepped in, the door was closed, and away they went. They had a blissful time. The funeral went on. The hackman asked where he should drive them to. He was told, and they were driven back into town.

"Whose funeral was it?" asked the young lady's friend, to whom the story had been told.

"We didn't know; we don't know now; but it was just lovely."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Alfred Jackson, John Smith and John Vico, all of Owingsville Ky., received \$72 a month apiece from the Government. Their pensions are granted on the score of total blindness contracted during the late war. They were members of the same company of the same regiment—twenty-fourth Kentucky Infantry. Vico's claim has just been granted, and he obtains over \$14,000 in back pension. He has been a musician for years, and his helpless family has endured the most abject poverty.

Carlotta Patti has been offered by the Czar a professorship of vocal music in the Imperial Conservatoire at St. Petersburg. She prefers to remain in Paris.

Ten Tid-Bits.

Crimes lead into one another.—*Burke.*

The dew of compassion is a tear.—*Byron.*

Doubt is hell in the human soul.—*Gaspain.*

To the duty which lies nearest to thee.—*Gothie.*

Silence is the severest criticism.—*Charles Burton.*

The world itself is too small for the covetous.—*Seneca.*

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death.—*Young.*

The most effective coquetry is innocence.—*Lamartine.*

Quick believers need broad shoulders.—*George Herbert.*

Desire of having is the sin of covetousness.—*Shakspeare.*

Wonderful Popularity.

The fact that the sale of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets exceeds that of any other pill in the market, be it great or small, is on account of the fact that they are tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, and that in most cases one little "Pellet" is sufficient for a dose; that they are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless; and for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from derangement of the liver, stomach or bowels, they are absolutely a specific. A gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to size of dose.

William Sherwood, of Baltimore, will go to prison for a year because he stole a Bible.

Ladies! Those dull tired looks and feelings speak volumes! Dr. Kilmer's FEMALE REMEDY corrects all conditions, restores vigor and vitality and brings back youthful bloom and beauty. Price \$1.00—6 bottles \$5.00.

The Hon. Charles Woodbury will deliver the address at the dedication of the soldiers' and sailors' monument at Portsmouth, N. H., on July 4th next.

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SODA OR SALERATUS

The Upsilon.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1888.

LAST week added one more to the presidential tickets in the field, the prohibitionists at their national convention in Indianapolis nominating Gen. Clinton B. Fisk of New Jersey for President, and John A. Brooks of Kansas City, Missouri, for Vice President. This is a "blue and gray" ticket, Gen. Fisk having been a Union soldier, and Brooks a rebel soldier. The convention was the largest and most enthusiastic in the history of the party, and the least "cranky," though one of the delegations carried an immense gilded crank, to show that the appellation did not hurt their feelings. The ticket will not receive an electoral vote, and whether it shall deprive the republicans of any electoral votes will depend upon the wisdom of the republican convention. That convention cannot well ignore the fact that a majority of the republican voters are positively opposed to the influence of the saloon, nor safely dodge the issue that that fact presents. A declaration in favor of the greatest attainable limitation of the corrupting influence of the saloon upon political and social life, and of the right of the people to suppress it altogether wherever they shall so desire, would agree with the dominant sentiment of the party; and such agreement the party expression ought always to have.

That an adequate public revenue being necessary, it may properly be raised by import duties and by an equitable assessment upon the property and the legitimate business of the country, but import duties should be so reduced that no surplus shall be accumulated in the treasury and that the burden of taxation shall be removed from food, clothing and other comforts and necessities of life, and imposed upon such articles of import as will give protection to the manufacturer, employer and producing laborer—Prohibitionist Platform.

As a "straddle" the above resolution is a decided success. The democrat platform of 1884 is just nowhere. It demands the removal of duties "from foods, clothing and other comforts and necessities of life," and closes by imposing duties on all manufactured articles of import. This cannot mean anything if not clothing, foods, the comforts and necessities of life. Comforts and necessities include every article of import possible. Even diamonds make the owner very comfortable, as they gratify a natural desire. So far, then, the resolution is absolute free trade. To protect the manufacturer, these identical articles must be under duty and so far the resolution is "high tariff." Really the resolution looks as if it had been struck by an elephant's foot or had been passed through that wabbling old machine formerly in the Commercial office. "A human head joined to the neck of a horse or the design of a pitcher in mind which turned out in reality a miserable jug," is about the way Horace with prophetic vision, described this free-trade-high-tariff resolution.

THE New York Post has seen a great light, and forthwith it raises the danger signal all along the line, and calls a halt, and urges all free traders to abandon the old claim which has done service so long, namely, that prices have not declined under the tariff. In substance this veracious journal warns all interested parties to stop fooling around laboring men with any such nonsense, for they have been reading tariff speeches and official statistics, and already begin to distrust the whole business of "revenue reform." Some other dodge must be sought out and it is soberly and with all due solemnity, proposed to deny the influence of the tariff in producing the decline now acknowledged. The Post furthermore gravely suggests our railroads as an illustration that the tariff is not a factor in the development of the country. "These have not been protected," says this sagacious journal. How utterly oblivious of the land grants, subsidies, and other aids which have been for years the target for its bitterest maledictions; over which, it has raved and howled till the din of its confused utterances has resounded throughout the length and breadth of the land. But the case is desperate, and the railroads must be tried. At least, the circumstances of the case require a change of base, or the jig is up, and possibly, the railroads may withdraw attention from former false positions, and help us out. Let us see. The tariff builds up manufactures, and these demand facilities for transportation which the railroads furnish. How many railroads would have been built had there been no internal commerce and no factories? Sometimes, we hear carpenters say, they are not protected, yet their wages are higher than those in the factories. They forget that the factories withdraw the surplus labor from the craft, and, if these should stop, that these men, now elsewhere employed, would come in to compete with these now boasting of their high wages. The increase of business on the railroads due to the rapid development of the country under the tariff policy, has made it possible to reduce the cost of transportation, has made it desirable to build roads, and so, indirectly the roads have been the beneficiaries of the system and the people likewise benefited by them. The Post will find very little comfort in pleading railroads, or anything else in favor of free trade in this country.

THE New York Pioneer, a rabid prohibition paper, reports the following astounding item as a part of the proceedings of the recent National Prohibition Convention. Prof. Dickie then said:

The eight (Presidential) nominees of the prohibition party are, by God's providence, preserved to us till the present hour. It is a fact that, of the sixteen republican and democratic candidates nominated during the last sixteen years, only four remain to this day.

And here follows the astounding part of the report:

Another report of applause followed, and at the chairman's (Dickie's) suggestion, the delegates rose and sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

And yet, prominent in that assembly, were Mrs. Lathrop and Miss Willard who, in a recent manifesto embodying the action of the W. C. T. U., urged before various state conventions, the importance of decency in conducting the coming campaign!

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THE TARIFF.

Speech of Hon. E. P. Allen of Michigan

In the House of Representatives, May 16, 1888.

The House being in Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union, and having under consideration the bill (H. R. 9051) to reduce taxation and simplify the laws in relation to the collection of the revenue, Mr. Allen said:

MR. CHAIRMAN: I shall not try to traverse the ground so ably occupied during the three weeks this discussion has been proceeding. It would be monotonous thus to do, and I call attention to one or two matters so farly dwell upon.

The excitement occurring in this Hall at times during this debate is but a small reflection of that now broadcast in the land. People are running to and fro and inquiring, "What is the matter?" One man is evidently frightened because another runs; and as a result, the whole country is in a state of confusion.

No "second-term" lion about this. As these, cool-headed men stop and inquire what is the cause of this? Does the cause justify the effect so far produced? I inquire, first, who is it that began this stampede? and, secondly, having begun it, whether he is a sufficient guide to let the people know when they ought to run? Who fired the shot upon the picket line? Who is it that exclaimed, "There is a lion without; I shall be devoured?" It was the President of the United States. He, by his warnings, as he calls them, attracted attention to dangers he thought he saw, and aroused the present state of public excitement.

If this had been the first time the President had warned us, and correctly, we would be inclined to give more heed than we will to-day; but it is the third or fourth occasion that he has notified the people that they were in the presence of impending dangers, yet they did not materialize, and seem to have been forgotten by himself and everyone else.

What was the first lion the President met in his path? He met him before he was elected, in the shades of the woods of Central New York, when he wrote his letter of acceptance to the Democratic committee in 1884, entitled "The Political Reformation." This book contains the President's letter of acceptance, and in order that nobody shall make any mistake, it is divided up, like the Bible, into chapters and sections, and each chapter or section has a heading indicating what follows. I ask the Clerk to read a portion of this letter, which is headed, by authority of the national Democratic committee, "No Second Term." [Laughter.] Please read it, Mr. Clerk, with your accustomed vigor. Remember, Mr. Chairman, that this is lion No. 1.

The Clerk read as follows: "When an election to office shall be the selection by the voters of one of their number to assume for a time a public trust, instead of his dedication to the profession of a soldier, the holders of the ballot, quickened by a sense of duty, shall average truth, bravery, and pledges broken, and when the suffrage shall be altogether free and uncorrupted, the full realization of a government by the people will be at hand. And of the means to this end not one will be so ready to advise as effective than an amendment to the Constitution disqualifying the President from reelection. When we consider the patronage of this great office, the allurements of power, the temptation to retain public place, once gained, and more than all, the terrible power which is in the hands of a man of office-holders, with a zeal born of benefits received and fostered by the hope of favor, yet to come, and with money and trained political service, we recognize in the eligibility of this President for reelection a most serious danger to that calm, deliberate, and intelligent political action which must characterize a President by the people."

Mr. Allen, Mr. Chairman, the President, in the recesses of the woods of New York, when he saw this lion cross his path, must have had in mind Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, and Grant, the only men who have ever been re-elected to the presidency. Yet the methods of their reelection were not such as to justify the fears he so earnestly expressed.

But, sir, what have we to-day? Exactly that state of things existing in this country which the President prophesied would occur if a President undertook to use his high office to redress himself. There has not been a state convention in the United States, from Maine to California, to send delegates to St. Louis, that the Federal office-holders appointed by the President have not come up and devoured everything before them like the locusts in Egypt. To-day, in every state of this great Union where conventions have not been held, these men are manipulating the wires and deciding who shall be delegates, in the main regardless of the wishes of the democratic masses.

To show you, sir, how to-day the deplorable dangers seen by the writer when that letter of acceptance was penned are in full view to every eye that will look, I send to the Clerk's desk and ask to have read an extract from the Washington Critic, and to follow it by having read an editorial from the Post, the Washington organ of the Administration.

The Clerk read as follows: "Four weeks from today Mr. Cleveland will be renominated for the Presidency. Whatever his views may be as to the propriety of accepting the candidacy of his party for a second term or as to the expediency of adopting a constitutional amendment making the Chief Magistrate ineligible for reelection, he will consider the unanimous call of a national convention as preeminent and obligatory—Washington Critic."

This great rabbi, Mr. Cleveland is a candidate for the renomination—an earnest, eager, anxious candidate, armed and equipped at all points and possessed of all the advantages of a great number of friends and a powerful machine. And why should he not be a candidate? He likes his office and he is satisfied that he has made a good President. And does not his party need him just now? He knows it does. He will find it in beautiful order and working as smoothly and as effectively as a Corlies engine. It has yet to meet an obstruction, and the delegates are pouring out of the hopper at all hours of the day and night. When they get to St. Louis they will make the nomination unanimous. They will have nothing else to do.

This being the truth, why not proclaim it? There is no mystery in the White House. The gentleman in possession there knows a good thing when he sees it as well as the rest of us.—Post, May 10.

[Applause on Democratic side.]

Mr. Allen. My friends on the other side clap their hands with joy. Now I am going to denounce them. I invite them to David loved Jonathan, but I wish to ask them quietly and honestly whether they think the picture of the letter of acceptance set over against the picture in the print just read does not show a falling-off somewhere and somehow of that sterling virtue which in 1884 possessed the soul of our good President? And would not every Mugwump be entitled to bring an action against him for obtaining his virgin vote under false pretenses?

Mr. Chairman, I am not an artist, but if I could suggest a picture for Puck to publish, a full-page cartoon, it would be this: I would picture the candidate in the woods, up in the wilds of York State, seated, and penning that letter of acceptance. He would be surrounded by the three graces. His face would shine like that of John at Patmos, and as he indicated those words warning the American people of the danger of allowing a man even to think of being re-elected, let him be painted with the pencil of a Raphael. But on the other side of the page, in view of the editorial of the Post, I would suggest to the artist to put a large-sized gentleman with his carpet-bag in his right hand marked "St. Louis," and in his left a

streamer with the legend, "Preaching against practice." [Laughter and applause.]

I have no idea Puck will publish any such picture as that, however, and evidently the second-term lion has taken to the jungles.

A member. But Judge will. Mr. Allen. The second lion the President met, Mr. Chairman, was in December, 1885. He then discovered a lion overshadowed all others, and he took the shape of a silver dollar, aye, the Bland silver dollar. Why, Mr. Chairman, the President devoted scarce twenty lines in his message of 1885 to the question of the surplus. He dismissed it with a sentence almost, and nearly the entire message was taken up with the danger that threatened the country because of the coinage act coining \$2,000,000 of silver a month. He used strong language. Listen to it, my democratic brethren:

Nothing more important than the present condition of our currency can claim my attention.

No "second-term" lion about this. His argument for the suppression of silver coinage sounds exactly like the speeches of our democratic brethren on the other side of the House to-day, in favor of the abolition of the tariff, although the "lions" sought to be hunted down have no possible resemblance. It is a clear case of opposites text for the same effect. He says, referring to the disaster threatened by continued coinage of the silver dollar:

"That disaster has not already overtaken us furnishes no proof that danger does not wait upon a continuation of the present silver coinage. We have been saved by the most careful management and unusual expedients, by a combination of fortunate conditions, and by a confident expectation that the course of the Government in regard to silver coinage would be speedily changed by the action of Congress."

Prosperity hesitates upon our threshold because of the dangers attending the prolonging of this question. Capital timidly shrinks from trade and investors are unwilling to take the chance of the questionable stability of the money market. We are returned to them, while enterprise halts at a risk against which care and sagacious management do not protect.

As a necessary consequence, labor lacks employment, and suffering and distress are visited upon a portion of our fellow-citizens especially entitled to the careful consideration of those charged with the duties of legislation. No interest appeals to us so strongly for a safe and stable currency as the vast army of the unemployed.

But, sir, the "labor" that "lacks employment" never has and does not now ask for a repeal of the silver-coinage act. On the contrary, the great army of laborers in this country would vote to-morrow for a law compelling the coinage of double the amount now authorized. The law was not repealed or modified, hence it became necessary to find another scape-goat upon which to load calamities seen and unseen, and to use the third lion as a device in the shape of a sheep; and the President makes his onslaught upon the treasury by taking the farmers' sheep as a text.

In 1886, I ought in justice to the President to say, the message was nearly silent upon the great questions before discussed, though neither had been settled. It went into details as to our relations with the entire world. I can see no reason why these questions were then avoided unless it be in the fact that the House of Representatives had been reduced from seventy democratic majority to a beggarly thirteen, and three of those were brevet democrats only. I am inclined to think that changed condition of affairs had some effect. But now a word as to the facts about the surplus. The President tells us it is estimated that it will amount at the end of this fiscal year to \$113,000,000. The facts of the case, as I draw them from the reports of the treasury, are as follows (let me trouble you by saying that the surplus is what is left after paying all of the lawful demands against the Government): On June 30, 1885, this surplus was \$17,859,735.84. In 1886, June 30, the surplus amounted to \$49,405,545.20, and June 30, 1887, it reached the sum of \$55,567,849.54. The estimated surplus for June 30, 1888, in round numbers, is \$66,000,000, and for the year ending June 30, 1889, \$56,000,000.

Now, Mr. Chairman, instead of being \$113,000,000, the estimated surplus on June 30, 1889, will be less than \$60,000,000, as this report shows, and there will not be a dollar in it we are inclined to pay honest debts. But how did the President, as he says, avert the calamity impending in 1887, because of this great surplus? He says:

"During the six months prior to June 30, 1887, the surplus revenue had grown so large by repeated accumulations, and it was necessary to the payment of the principal and interest of the 3 per cent. bonds still outstanding, and which were payable at the option of the Treasury."

Indeed! Why, it is actually true that the President took the surplus and paid a part of the public debt that was then due. What other way would you take to reduce the surplus? What business have we with a dollar of surplus as long as we owe a cent? Is not the possible way of reducing it, by paying what we owe? And instead of being frightened on account of the surplus in the treasury, we ought to thank God that we have the money there to pay the debts. We have a law authorizing the payment of bonds with the surplus at any time. It has been upon the statute books for years, a dead letter. This House, at this session, passed a resolution saying that in its judgment the law was sufficient to take the surplus to pay our bonds. But we made no new law, and gave no additional power to the Treasury Department. Yet since the passage of that resolution, which the best men but an extra-judicial opinion by a body without jurisdiction of the subject-matter, the Secretary has bought and canceled millions of dollars' worth of bonds, and thus reduced the surplus by paying what we owe. Had this been done during the years and months when the surplus was purchased at a premium not exceeding the interest saved, our debt made so much the less, and our surplus wiped out.

But, in addition to that resolution, the House passed a bill which went to the Senate, and was there amended by the Senator from Kentucky, providing that every dollar of national debt which is retired and kept retired for a period of thirty days, shall be substituted by a round silver dollar; and that bill with the amendment is now smothered by a committee of this House, and why? Because if it is passed and the President signs it, the gold bugs will be upon his back, whereas if he vetoes it, the men of the West will rise in their might and smite him at the polls.

Mr. Bynum. In regard to the statement of the gentleman that this bill has been "smothered," permit me to say that he does not understand the facts. Nothing of the kind has been done.

Mr. Allen. I venture the prediction that that bill will never be brought to vote here. If it is I am going to vote for it.

Mr. Bynum. The gentleman does not state the facts; and that is all I desired to say.

Mr. Allen. I have stated exactly the facts.

Mr. Mason. Has the bill been reported by the committee?

Mr. Bynum. It has been referred to a subcommittee, and will be reported in due time.

Mr. Allen. I repeat to my young and good-looking friend from Indiana that that bill is now smothered and is being smothered; and whether they will ever let it arise enough into it to revive it, I think is not altogether likely. I think it sleeps there permanently.

Mr. Bynum. I desire to say that that statement is not true.

Mr. Allen. It lies there undergoing the process of dissolution.

Mr. Bynum. The gentleman need not give himself any concern. We will take care of that when we come to it.

Yet, sir, in view of the power under law to have reduced the surplus to nothing,

ing, we are told that the situation (too large a surplus) still continues with aggravated incidents more than ever pressing financial convulsion and wide spread disaster." Have we not seen during the last forty days how easy it is to avert a "disaster" by simply going into the market and buying our bonds and thus paying our debt before due?

Mr. Chairman, the unwillingness to buy bonds and the ready refusal of the Treasury Department to do so until the threatened Beck silver amendment passed the Senate, together with the fact that \$225,000,000 of our bonds become due in a little over three years from now, leads me to believe that the purpose exists to re-fund those bonds, thus perpetuating the national debt for an indefinite period.

Sir, a national debt is a standing menace to a republic. We want none of it here. The ship of state is sailing upon calm seas to-day; to-morrow it may be tempest-tossed, and our safety in danger is in freedom of the press and the ready refusal of the national bank only exist by continuing the national debt, the banks must go. If Wall street and the vast army of bondholders must still have them in order that they may "buy and sell and get gain," then the people who owe these bonds will insist that they be paid when due. If we pay our bonds, the surplus, the surplus, and the money will return to the people, where it belongs.

But, sir, this can be done, and at the same time the tariff be modified so as to deal fairly with all interests and not precipitate the confusion and disaster that the proposed "Mills bill" should it become a law. Its unfairness to different interests and partiality to sections are so manifest that "he who runs may read." I propose to point out a few of these further on.

Mr. Chairman, in opposing this bill I am trying, first, to conserve the interests of my own district, as is my right and duty. I want, however, before going further, to read to you what kind of a district mine and similar ones are in the estimation of one of the leading free-trade journals of this country, the New York Evening Post, a paper that is supporting the Mills bill with an energy only equalled by its ability.

The Post, in commenting editorially and favorably on the speech of my young and brilliant colleague [Mr. Ford], proceeds to tell the farmers of the West how mistaken they are, and how little they know about what is really good for them, closing a free-trade estimate of their common sense with the following gem:

"Yet find clubs of greenhorns in the rural districts still holding weekly meetings and passing resolutions in favor of a higher tariff on potatoes and hops and garden vegetables and two or three other things of which we import a small quantity now and then when we have an unfavorable season and a short crop at home. These self-deluded grangers the tariff debate in Congress will prove helpful, since it cannot fail to put the other side of the case before them and compel them to read it and talk about it in their neighborhood meetings."

I represent a district of farmers mostly. They are the men that the editor of the Post described as "greenhorns in the rural districts" and "self-deluded grangers." And yet that district, containing only four counties, and over which you can ride in one day, has a population of 160,000 people and casts more votes at a Congressional election than a half-dozen of those free-trade districts whose members are dependent on to carry the Mills bill through. In it is the University of Michigan, with 1,700 pupils. There are students at that great school from every state and territory of the Union and from nine foreign countries, 40 per cent. of whom are sons and daughters of "greenhorns in the rural districts" and "self-deluded grangers." It has the Michigan State Normal School, with 800 pupils, 80 per cent. of whom are right off the farms of the State of Michigan. It has, besides, two great colleges. It has twenty-five union or graded schools, where the pupils range in numbers from 320 to 1,500. It has twenty-eight granges and a dozen farmers' clubs. And my district is made up largely of these "greenhorns from the rural districts" and "self-deluded grangers," such as the editor describes.

Why, sir, it is the grossest nonsense to suppose that a district with only three lights to aid its intelligence should know as much as the free-trade editor of the New York Evening Post. Within rifle-shot of the office of the Evening Post there is more ignorance, squalor and crime than you can find in all the rural districts of the State of Michigan combined.

[Applause.]

But who is it that calls my constituents "greenhorns in the rural districts" and "self-deluded grangers"? It is needless to say he is a free-trader and favors the Mills bill. The editor, or at least one of the editors of the paper is Mr. E. L. Godkin, a gentleman of great ability, whose writings I have been familiar with for years—a man who wields a pen that is as sharp as a scimitar. He belongs to the Cobden Club of England. The motto of the Cobden Club is, "Free trade, peace, good will among nations; God save the Queen."

Moreover, he is a member of the New York free-trade club which holds among other fundamental principles, the following:

"That the only commercial policy which is in its nature permanent and unchangeable, and which, therefore, secures stability in all kinds of business is free trade between nations as between the states of the Union."

A paper edited by men who subscribe to these tenets can not afford to call the "greenhorns from the rural districts" and the self-deluded grangers of Michigan. They read and think for themselves, and do not believe that free trade with the world is the best thing for them.

I come now to the question especially raised here, the question of the manner of reducing the surplus. The President recommends in his message that the surplus shall be reduced by reducing largely the duties on manufactured articles and raw materials, and especially the farmer's wool he would relieve from all duties, making it entirely free. He holds that the farmer who believes the protection to his wool side him is laboring under a delusion.

I have a high regard for the President, but I do not believe he knows as much about what is best for the farmers as the farmers know themselves. Neither his early education nor his profession would lead him to that knowledge, and with his statement they take direct issue.

And now and here charge that not a single petition from a single farmer in all the United States ever found its way into the room of the committee on Ways and Means asking for the passage of the "Mills bill" or for "free wool." In the silence of the committee-room to-day, unread, "unwept, unmonored and unsung," are petitions signed by thousands of farmers asking that the tariff on wool be not removed, at least that the tariff on wool be not removed. These petitions have gone there, and there they slumber. They have not been heard of here officially as yet. These "greenhorns in the rural districts" and these "deluded grangers" have sent their petitions, innocently supposing they would be read, and that some attention would be paid to them; but, in the language of Patrick Henry, the petitions and petitioners have been "spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne."

And here let me remind the Ways and Means Committee that while the "spurning" of the great Virginia farmer was done a hundred years ago, it was speedily followed by a change of administration, and history repeats itself. [Applause on the republican side.]

But the Committee on Ways and Means in its majority report, in order to convince the farmers and manufacturers that they are mistaken, tells them:

We say to the manufacturer we have put wool on the free-list to enable him to obtain foreign wool cheaper, make his goods cheaper, and send them

rels of which happened to be at hand.

BABY'S ON A STRIKE.

O, instruction, anarchy,
Revolt are in the air!
Our blessed baby's up in arms,
And nurse is in despair.

He lords it with a hand that's high
And mighty, too, a mite;
He bawls, and howls, and drives his ma
To desperation quite.

He sits enthroned, a little god,
Tied into his high chair;
His awful nod says, plain as words,
"I won't be good, so there!"

By "sisters, cousins, aunts, and all
Cajoled, caressed, and kissed,
He will not budge an inch, this bold
Young budding Anarchist.

Who shall subdue this pestilent?
But precious little tyke?
What's to be said, what's to be done,
When baby's on a strike?
—[Boston Globe.]

SONG OF THE SWAN.

Translated from the French of
Georges Ohnet for The
Chicago Herald.

III.—CONTINUED.

The fair-haired Viennoise doted on this handsome boy whose hair was dark as the night. Stenio was the spoiled child of the Austrian capital, but he carried the weight of his happy fortune with incredible ease and equanimity. Never in his life did he give himself the airs of a parvenu. Without apparent effort he proved himself the equal of the greatest lords, and held his head up with the grandest archdukes. He spent money as easily as he earned it. The needy never found him empty-handed. But when a great price of finance begged him to play in his salons his demands were not small. A great man in his own country—which is rare—Stenio undertook the conquest of Europe, and went to France, where one after another the great virtuosi tried their talent on that unique touchstone called the Parisian public. Fantastic and nervous, easy to infatuate or disgust, but vibrating always with irresistible sincerity as soon as it was brought into contact with a true, artistic nature, this public went wild over Maraczy. The first time that, at the Cirque d'Hiver, accompanied at the piano by Plante, he played his great "Marche des Honveds," there was an indescribable movement at the end of the piece, during which the whole house was on its feet stamping and clapping hands in a delirious. The success of the Hungarian virtuoso was instantaneous and amazing. Certain newspapers, moved by envy, risked some venomous criticisms. But Stenio was soaring too high for these malicious attacks to reach him. The slime of the wicked tainted not a single flower of his crowns. He was triumphant and happy. For ten years, young, handsome, rich, fated, he had traveled over Europe to the sound of applause, scattering melodies like pearls on his way, and making the fortunes of impresarios and managers. During each year, toward the month of July, he had disappeared, and, until the month of October, no one had heard the divine tones of his violin. Like a falling star, which traces a bright furrow across the sky and plunges suddenly into darkness, the great artist in the midst of his triumphant tour departed without leaving a sign behind.

And while the reporters taxed their wits to invent stories describing his pretended retreat, Stenio, shut up on a little farm that he had purchased from his father, forgot his fatigues, and near the old master of the chapel became a boy again. No more passionate improvisations; no more dreams translated by strokes of a violin bow—the soothing study of the masters. Maraczy fell docilely under the rule of his father, and passed his evenings in interpreting Mozart, Beethoven and Weber, refreshing his ardent soul at the pure strings of ideal inspiration.

It was touching to see this sublime artist, treated like a scholar by the old man, patiently begin again the passages whose execution had appeared defective, and make celestial music for the old furniture of the mansion, for the birds of the garden that the infatuated public would have gone down on its knees to hear. Then, the autumn approaching, he reappeared at Vienna, and resumed his artistic tours of the continent.

Full of honors, rich in glory and money, he had reached his thirtieth year with a brow unclouded by a disappointment or sorrow. It was then that, yielding to the solicitations of the celebrated Manager Burnstett, he decided to cross the ocean and play in America.

He expressed the desire, however, to make a stop of a few weeks in England. The Prince de Galles, one of his warmest admirers, had invited him to his hunting box in Scotland. But the Prince first desired to offer to the Queen the pleasure of hearing this unrivaled virtuoso.

The fete took place at Windsor. Only a small number of invitations had been issued, and the most absurd lengths had been resorted to in order to be counted among the elect. When Stenio entered the salon, his violin in his hand, a murmur rose from the noble women grouped around their sovereign. He smiled without raising his eyes, and, striking a light tap with his bow to notify his accompanist that he was ready, he began.

He played a reverie of mournful harmonies, expressing the plaint of a suffering soul about to quit the world, which he entitled "The Song of the Swan." Under his marvelous fingers the souvenirs of the happy past, the joyous and brilliant fets alternated with the heart-rending realities of the desolate present. It was no longer the violin which sang; it was the wounded heart which exhaled its supreme regrets with its last sighs.

Stenio, his eyes cast down, forgetful of everything around him and concentrated upon the execution of his piece, was playing his last notes, as pure as the breath of an angel ascending to the skies, when a profound sob, breaking the religious silence of the charmed auditory, caused him to lift his eyes.

With a glance he searched the hall, brilliant with lights, diamonds and flowers, and two steps from him, in the first row of chairs, her face burning with emotion, her cheeks glistening with tears, he saw a young girl. She was sitting motionless, with her hands crossed as if in prayer. For

her the earth had disappeared. Borne away by the sublime music, she soared in regions consecrated to eternal poetry. Celestial voices charmed her ears, an ineffable ecstasy penetrated her soul, and she would have wished to live forever, in listening to these divine harmonies.

The music ceased suddenly. A storm of applause burst forth, there was a commotion around the young girl, the audience, without any regard for etiquette, rose in a tumult to compliment Stenio. She felt some one touch her elbow and she heard a soft voice remark:

"Maud! Well, Maud!"

Her eyelids opened and closed as if she was just waking, she drew a sigh, and, smiling at her sister, who had bent over her inquiringly:

"Ah, Daisy, I was far away!"

She could see the musician in a circle of duchesses listening to their compliments with modest gravity. Then, after a short interchange of words, she saw him approach her, conducted by the Prince himself. Stenio bowed low before her as his royal protector said:

"Miss Mellin, my friend, M. Maraczy, who has solicited the honor of an introduction."

Maud seemed a few confused words. It stemmed to her that an insupportable dame burned at her bosom. When she regained her self-possession the Prince had departed and the musician was preparing to play again. Under the influence of his enchanted bow the young girl's ecstasy was renewed and for her the evening passed in a delicious enchantment.

Maraczy's sojourn here, which was to have lasted a few days, was prolonged several weeks. The American newspapers announced that the tour so anxiously anticipated had been postponed. But it was soon evident that it was not to be made at all.

An irresistible charm retained Stenio in England. He refused to give concerts; he seemed anxious to forget that he was an artist by profession. He went music into society, played, danced, hunted, led the life of a great lord. To hear his violin, even in the greatest privacy, it was necessary to insist most urgently. And then it was only to feminine solicitations that he yielded. Miss Mellin especially had the privilege of conquering his objections. A word from her was an order for him. Then he took a violin, no matter which, and played with animation the most passionate airs, as if he wished to instill some subtle philtre into the young girl's heart. And in fact the charm worked and Maud, on the wings of her dream, followed the enchanter wherever it pleased him to lead her.

The Marquis de Mellin-Grey, a very grave personage, First Secretary of the Admiralty, had given the celebrated Hungarian a most cordial welcome. Toward the end of the spring he invited him to pass some time with him on his estate in Ireland. The noble lord promised himself to introduce Maraczy into the high Irish society of his neighborhood, and this role of a Mæcenas flattered his self-love.

Left a widower when his children were still small, he had confided them to the care of a governess, a strait-laced and scrupulous old woman. Believing that under her care his children were perfectly safe, he lived in security. He had never suspected the influence Stenio had obtained over Maud. He had never surprised the eyes of the young girl ardently fixed upon the great artist.

Full of the pride of his race, he would never have admitted that his daughter could stoop to this inferior in birth. To listen to him, to amuse one's self with him, to compliment him—well and good. But to treat him as an equal, to love him, that was a degradation that never for an instant entered his head.

Installed on his estate of Donloe, near Dublin, he had been awaiting Maraczy for several days. The musician asked delay after delay. One might have said that he feared to appear before Lord Mellin. One morning, however, preceded by a telegram announcing his coming, he arrived. The carriage had scarcely passed the gate when Maud, very pale, hurried from the parlor and went upstairs to her own room. Lord Mellin, standing on the portico, advanced to meet his guest and extended his hand. Stenio bowed respectfully, without taking it, and in a grave voice said:

"Monsieur le Marquis, before allowing you to welcome me to your house I must ask the favor of a brief interview. When you have heard me I shall know whether I am to become your guest or to depart."

Lord Mellin, astonished, looked at Maraczy attentively, and then remarked that he was late in the garb of a traveler, and that the carriage that had brought him had no baggage, as if he had not expected to remain. The Marquis, a good deal disturbed, invited him to enter. Without a word they went into the parlor. The interview lasted a quarter of an hour, at the end of which the door opened. Maraczy came out, conducted by Lord Mellin. On the threshold Stenio made a supplicating gesture, to which the great Lord responded only with a disdainful smile. The artist heard a half-stifled exclamation, and as the Marquis, without concerning himself as to his presence further, had gone into the house, he drew a keen glance around him. At the same instant the curtain of one of the windows of the first floor was raised. A blonde head appeared. Maraczy addressed it a despairing adieu, and with a face expressive of grief, threw himself into his carriage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What This Country Needs.

"What does this country need?" asks Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Our opinion it most needs a change in the system of bringing up girls. The country needs less art and artificiality and more health, strength, and muscle. It needs old-fashioned tomboy girls who will develop into robust women with vitality enough to do their own household and have plenty of time for social duties besides. That is what it needs and that is what is most to be kept the coming American generations from fading out into oblivion and American institutions from following the same course. Weak mothers, weak sons.—*Omaha World.*

Tea from India.

China now furnishes a third only of the tea used in England. India furnishes the greater part.

FOR THE LADIES.

Beauty, Comfort and Suitability—
Dorothy's Small Slippers—Rosa
Bonheur's Attire—My Pansies—In a London Square.

In a London Square.

Mild the caressful throng, as it surged along,
In an angle of the street,
They stood and proffered their woodland
Favors.

Sweet violets—roses so sweet,
And lilies not so fair and pale
As the maiden's face in white of face,
With its line, clear curved, Madonna brows,
And its subtle Southern grace.

And the boy's dark eyes, with their grave
Surprise,
Had the twilight glow that shines
In soft lands where the sun-shine falls
Through a dusk of purpling vines.
What blithe turn of fortune's wheel
Had sent the wanderers here,
From the shores where roses and lily blow
All through the golden year?

And here and there a kindly heart
Would pause a moment's space,
Touched by the sister's pleading glance,
And yield a flower to the maiden's face.
And purchased a dewy primrose knot—
A point of fairy gold—
By the silent lips and the speaking eyes
Revealed a human fold.

And lingering there in the crowded square,
I thought—Is this but one
Of the thousand old-world secrets hid
In our crowded city's heart?
Or is the silent web that looks
From the maiden's great sad eyes
The shadow play of some tragic tale
Of sleepless memories?

—Good Words.

Beauty, Comfort and Suitability.

What are the essentials of dress? The question began with time, yet the answer, from the old Greeks down, remains the same—beauty, comfort, suitability. No dress that fails to unite these three can be counted as fulfilling the mission of dress, and no woman who has not studied in minutest detail each one, her mission as a woman.

Tailor-made gowns have brought about the revolution, sighed for many years ago by sensible women, and it is only here and there that one sees silks and velvets on the street, their appearance there indicating that the wearer is either underbred and ignorant or is wearing out her old dresses preparatory to coming into her real kingdom and tasting the delights of a simple, compact, well-made suit.

English fashions may have led us astray at times, but we owe to them certain emancipations that could hardly have come in any other way. Sensible women had long ago adopted many of them, but fashionable women, some of whom are not sensible, could never have been brought to low heels and thick boots, and plain gowns and simply dressed hair if it had not been "so English, you know."

From the fashion precisely as it stands to-day any woman can plan for herself a costume easy, comfortable, and most certainly graceful and becoming. The short skirt clears the ground well, and is thus neither worn nor soiled. The dress is often a princess, made in one piece, and thus instantly adjusted. This shows are low-heeled and broad, the stockings black or dark. With half-fitting jacket or long cloak perfect ease and looseness are both possible, and sleeves may be as one will. Woman's dress has never, in modern times, been more really what it should be in all its outward expression and adaptation to modern needs. It remains to banish all lands and ligatures; secure even layers for the whole body; and support the dress so far as it needs support by perhaps a flounced back to the underskirt, and behold a modern woman emancipated, yet not a terror. This for street and ordinary household, the quality of the material used being dependent on the purse of the buyer. For evening there is greater latitude, and nothing could be more graceful or more intrinsically beautiful than many of the costumes worn, whether by matron or maid. The material is often of the simplest nun's veiling or soft cashmere for the elder wearers, and muslins dotted or embroidered for the younger ones; but the effect produced by suitable combinations is beyond any to be secured by mere blind expenditure for the costliest thing.

The farmer's wife or daughter, the busy woman everywhere, with whom there is little leisure and less opportunity for planning or wearing beautiful costumes, can still take refuge in one phase of the beautiful, choosing color and material that will unite becomingness and utility. Doing this she, too, will escape the charge of overdressing brought against us by hasty travelers through the country.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

Using Babies for Bait.

"Babies wanted for crocodile bait. Will be returned alive."

If a newspaper abounded in Ceylon as much as crocodiles do, advertisements like the foregoing would be common in their want columns. As it is, the English crocodile hunter has to secure his baby by personal solicitation. He is often successful, for Ceylon parents, as a rule, have unbounded confidence in the hunters, and will rent their babies out to be used as crocodile bait for a small consideration.

Ceylon crocodiles suffer greatly from ennui. They prefer to lie quite still, soothed by the sun's glittering rays, and while away their lazy lives in meditation. But when a dark-brown infant with curling toes sits on the bank and blinks its eyes at them they throw off their cloak of laziness and make their preparations for a delicate morsel of Ceylonese baby humanity. When the crocodile gets the bait way up the bank the hunter, concealed behind some reeds, opens up fire, and hungry crocodile has his appetite and life taken away at the same time. The sportsman secures the skin and head of the crocodile and the rest of the carcass the natives make use of.

This way of securing crocodiles might be objected to by American mothers. The American infant imagination might be shattered by the devouring gaze of a healthy saurian who hasn't had his dinner; but we are credibly informed by certain English crocodile hunters that the average Ceylon infant displays a passive indifference to his advances, and that the only thing which frightens him is the report of the gun.

Dorothy's Small Slippers.

Certainly if the slippers of "Dorothy

Q." Mrs. John Hancock, lately placed in the Hancock case, Memorial Hall, Old State House, are genuine—a doubt that could be harbored only by a Vandal—modern Boston belles have nothing to boast of in the matter of small feet above their great-grand-mothers. One tinted pair looks about as small, at first, in the matter of length, as a Chinese shoe; on a second critical look, however, we perceive that the artifice of shoemaking, then as now, contrived to make the upper of the heel slant out from the sole in a way to allow more room for the foot than the length of sole would seem to warrant. Certainly this Hancock case, taken altogether, proves that Gov. and Mrs. Hancock were superlative clothes. Only Mrs. Hancock's foot-gear are here, to be sure, which would seem to indicate that the Hancock descendants on the female side may have been more thrifty in utilizing the lady's clothes than were the male members of the family. Ladies' finery, unfortunately for their looms, can be made over, but when the Governor's expensive ceremonial garments passed out of fashion the next sensible thing was to preserve them. The old Governor's nephew, Franklin Hancock, now an aged man, is doing an excellent thing in placing these personal memorials of the family where there can be no evil about them after he is gone.—*Boston Advertiser.*

A Fickle Conductor.

A young lady of Hingham recently told a bit of experience that she had enjoyed in traveling. The lady in question is handsome and well educated, but fortune had not smiled upon her, and she has been engaged in a lawyer's office in this city for several years, which necessitated her traveling over the Old Colony Railroad. She had not been a regular patron of the road long before she formed the acquaintance of the conductor, or rather he became acquainted with her, and he was in the habit of passing her seat while collecting fares without taking her ticket. After he had been through the train he would return and sit down beside her and chat for a few minutes, but he forgot to ask her for her ticket. This she rather enjoyed, inasmuch as it saved her several dollars every month. Not long since she was married, and a few days ago she happened to board the train upon which was the conductor in question.

As he came along to the seat in which she sat he stopped and remarked: "I hear that you have been married. Allow me to congratulate you. Ticket please." Then he passed on to meet and form the acquaintance of some other young lady who was not married. Such is life, and the conductor is still proud of the fact that he is a single man.—*Boston Gazette.*

Valued Himself High.

A middle-aged lady, a newcomer, called at a real estate agency to inquire about a piece of land. She was somewhat of an equestrienne, which the agent soon learned, and he tried to effect a sale in this direction. After the usual questions about the gentle proclivities of the animal for sale the agent relapsed into deep thought for a moment as if considering some political issue, and finally said, in a generous breath: "Madam, if you are injured in any way by that animal I will pay you one—yes I will guarantee to pay you \$1,000," and then he remarked the figures down in big black letters. "Only a thousand, sir," exclaimed the lady. "I don't consider myself a Venus, nor one of the muses, but I really think I am worth more than \$1,000. In war times some slaves sold for \$2,000, you know. Now considering that it is leap year, couldn't you guarantee to pay a 1-e-e-t-t-e more?" The agent has applied for a position as driver of a streetcar.—*Portland Oregonian.*

My Pansies.

Oh, here is one in a purple hat
And a robe of violet silk;
This little fellow is all yellow,
And that one white as milk;
Dancing high and dancing low,
Just as the breezes come and go,
Dear little spring-time beauties, O!

One is dressed in a velvety black,
And one has a crimson gown;
This little maid is in blue arrayed,
And that one in green;
Dancing high and dancing low,
Just as the breezes come and go,
Dear little spring-time beauties, O!

One has a critical, earnest look,
And one is woefully sad—
My pansies were with their dusky eyes
Just as the breezes come and go,
Dancing high and dancing low,
Just as the breezes come and go,
Dear little spring-time beauties, O!

Trifles.

A sunny smile, a kindly word,
Has many a drooping heart bestirred
To better deeds—
'Tis such a trifles to bestow—
A word, a look, and yet we know
These are our needs.
—Ellen F. Pratt.

Notes.

A woman is living in Xenia, Ohio, at the age of eighty, who does not know by sight or name the children of her brother, a man of seventy, who is a resident of the same town. A quarrel estranged the two thirty-five years ago, and they have not spoken nor even seen each other since.

It is interesting to learn that Mrs. Cleveland always calls her husband "Mr. President." Mr. Cleveland addresses his wife as "Frank." Martha Washington in her younger days called her husband "George," but in the last twenty-five years of her life she always addressed him as "General." While in the White House, Mrs. Hayes called her husband "Mr. Hayes." Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Garfield always addressed their husbands respectively as "Abram" and "Jim."

The Empress Victoria, says the *Germania*, has been the good genius of the Emperor throughout his illness. On hearing what those immediately around the Emperor say of her, one begins to understand that high praise is due to her, and that she deserves the name of German Hausfrau in the highest sense of the word. Every day she is in the kitchen to see for herself that her husband's food is properly prepared, day and night she attends to every one of the doctor's orders; in moments of danger and at operations she assists like a skilled nurse, resolutely helping to move the bed.

THE CAMP FIRE.

Some Good Stories.

Some Fighting Quakers.

Many anecdotes of the early Quakers are preserved in Philadelphia to show how even under Penn's rule the impulse of human nature struggled against their rigid laws of duty and submission. Not a few of the young men of Quaker families served in the Revolutionary army and in the navy in 1812 and wore on the field their broad brimmed hats and shad belled coats.

It is said that one of these young "fighting Quakers," as they were called, met his father on the street on his return home. The old man laid his hand rebukingly on his son's arm, saying:

"The wool in thy coat was sheared from my sheep, and woven in thy mother's loom, yet there is blood on it!"

"And the blood is thy blood," boldly replied the young man. "If thou hadst been twenty instead of sixty, thou, too, wouldst have fought under Washington."

"Zachariah!" stammered the old man. "It may be so, Zachariah. Thou hadst better go into thy dinner."

A well-known story is that of a friend who was in a sailing vessel boarded by a British press gang in 1812. He paced the deck with folded arms during the fight, until he saw one of the assailants climbing on deck by means of a cable.

"Friend, dost thou want that rope?" he said, calmly, hurrying up, knife in hand. The man dropped into the sea. A better authenticated story is of a grave old Quaker, two of whose sons went into the late civil war without his knowledge. The youngest son was fired, as was almost every other young man at that time from Maine to Florida, with the wish to give his life for the cause which he believed just. He had accepted a commission, but he did not wish to go without his father's consent.

He took occasion to make his preparations rather ostentatiously in his father's sight, laid out his officer's uniform, and tried to attract attention, but all in vain. As a last resort he seated himself in the room where the old man was pacing up and down, and began to polish his sword.

His father watched him, with a face growing paler, and with dim eyes. At last he went up to the young man and said quietly:

"Samuel, if thee thinks thee must use one of those tools, buy thebest, and—I will pay for it, Samuel."

How a Prisoner of War Regained His Liberty.

Colonel Musser relates an interesting incident of army experience, says the *St. Louis Republican*, which occurred while he was in command of the post of Washington, Ark., in the summer of 1864. The story as related is told by a Federal officer, a prisoner in camp, to Captain James T. Okey, of the Eighth Missouri Infantry. The Captain was playing the part of the hospitable host toward his guest and prisoner, through the medium of a couple of tin cups and a jug filled with home-made whiskey, clear as a crystal and uncontaminated by an excise tax. Lieutenant Boren was a Federal officer in an Ohio regiment, and had fallen into the hands of Dick Taylor about the time of Banks Red River expedition. Becoming weary of captivity and disgusted with Confederate rations, he planned with several of his fellow-prisoners a scheme by which at least one of their members might make his escape. Whiskey was played to determine which one should be given the first chance. Lieutenant Boren won. In accordance with the scheme agreed to, he feigned death, was buried by his comrades in a shallow grave, and succeeded in making his resurrection after the departure of the Confederates and his companions. The deserted grave was discovered during the day by some loiterers about the camping place and the ruse "dropped onto" and reported to the commandant at Marshallfield, La., who immediately set a pack of bloodhounds to track the fugitive. After the trail was struck all of these but one were called off. This one continued the pursuit, and at the end of the third day overtook and treed the lieutenant in the dense woods near Washington, Ark. The hound guarded the tree for three days and three nights, until the soldiers, who took their time, in the pursuit, arrived and again took charge of the well-nigh starved fugitives.

It Made Him Nervous.

After the battle of Mobile Bay, when the southern fleet had been repulsed and was taking refuge up the shallow streams, orders came to Alderman Jonett to pursue the flying craft. It was a ticklish piece of business, for his ship drew twelve feet of water, while the little southern rams drew very little. But off he started. "We're going to ground, sure," contended the Lieutenant.

"Never mind; keep her going!" shouted back Jonett, as he sighted the piece that was doing effective work from the bow.

But the Lieutenant, to insure caution, called a tar and set him at work heaving the lead, to learn the depth of water.

"Fifteen feet," came from the tar with the lead.

That was all right, and the lieutenant was satisfied until—

"Fourteen feet."

"That was a more ominous cry."

"Thirteen feet."

It was getting dangerous. At twelve feet the ship would ground. But Jonett was oblivious to this danger. He was intent on aiming the bow-chaser.

"Twelve feet," came the warning call from the lead.

Jonett at last awoke to the danger. He turned quickly to the lieutenant, commanding:

"Call that man in with the lead. He makes me nervous."

The Standfast Sentinel.

During the siege of Gibraltar its governor, Gen. Elliott, was one day making a tour of inspection when he came upon a German soldier, who though standing at his post, neither presented arms or even held his musket.

"Do you know me, sentinel?" inquired the general. "Why do you neglect your duty?"

"I know you well, general, and my duty also," was the reply; but within

the last few minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off and I am unable to hold my musket."

"Why don't you go and have them bound up?"

"Because in Germany a man is forbidden to quit his post until relieved by another."

The general instantly dismounted. "Now, my friend," said he, "give me your musket and I will relieve you. Go and have your wounds dressed."

The soldier obeyed, but went first to the nearest guard house, where he reported that the general was standing on duty in his place. His injury unfitted him for active service, but the story of his courage soon reached England and he was made an officer.—*London Argosy.*

Curious Facts.

Col. Burr tells me that he has been making researches at Sheridan's old home, and has come across many curious facts, about the general's early life. As his first appointment as colonel came about without his knowledge or seeking, so did his appointment to West Point as a cadet. The application for appointment was made for his brother Patrick H., who was the brilliant boy of the family, while Philip H. was regarded as inclined to dullness, and was regarded almost as a "ne'er-do-well."

The member of congress who had the making of the appointment got these children, both of whom he knew as boys, mixed, and being unable to distinguish them by name, wrote "Patrick H." where he meant to write "Patrick H." There is said to have been a scene at the house of the Sheridans when the appointment came and it was discovered that the wrong boy had been commissioned. It happened, however, that Pat didn't care to go and Phil was eager to and thus it came about that the latter started on a career for the head of the army, and the former equipped himself for an Indian agency somewhere out west, where he still is.—*Nashville American.*

Honoring an Ex-Confederate.

The announcement is made that General Joseph E. Johnston, the highest in rank of living officers of the Confederate army, was recently unanimously elected an honorary member of the E. D. Baker Post, No. 8, Grand Army of the Republic, of Philadelphia. The election was brought about upon the receipt of a letter reading:

"For the purpose of enabling me to participate in the noble work of charity performed by the comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, I hereby make application for contributing membership in your post. Inclosed please find the sum of \$10 for one year's dues."

The petition was unaccompanied by any other communication, and when presented to the members of the post for their consideration, it went through with a rush amid the cheers of the 200 veterans present.

General Johnston is the only ex-Confederate soldier who has ever been received into the ranks of a Grand Army post.

Old Pistols.

Mr. D. T. Sheriff of Prince George's county, Maryland, has an interesting pair of flint-lock pistols manufactured by Moore of London about 1760. They are perfectly preserved. They were formerly the property of Washington Warring of Baltimore county, and were used by some of his ancestors in the revolutionary war. They are about six inches long, with brass breeches. In order to fire them a duplex slide on top is pulled back, releasing the pan cover and allowing room to cock the hammer, the cocking of which discovers the trigger, which lies concealed until prepared to fire. When the trigger is pulled the hammer, holding a piece of flint stone about one-half an inch square and one-eighth thick, tapered to a wedge-shaped point, comes in contact with the perpendicular portion of the pan-cover, throws it forward, and the sparks are directed by the impetus of the hammer into the powder-pan below and ignites the charge.—*Baltimore American.*

The Useless Sentinel.

There is a story told in the French war office to the effect that for ten years a soldier was stationed in the passage leading to the minister's private apartments with orders not to let the people touch the wals. But no one seemed to understand why this was done. Now, a new minister of an inquisitive turn of mind determined to find out the explanation of a circumstance that his fifty predecessors had never remarked. But no one could give him any light, not even the chief clerks, nor subordinates who had been in service half a century. But a certain door-keeper, an old fellow with a good memory, recollected that on a certain occasion a soldier was placed there because the walls had been painted and the minister's wife had got a spot on her dress. The paint had dried, but the sentinel had been left.—*The Argonaut.*

Object to Libby Prison's Removal.

At a special meeting of the union ex-prisoners of Winnebago county, Illinois, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, we have learned with regret of the scheme to remove to Chicago that old landmark, Libby prison, the reminder of the sufferings of many of our comrades; therefore be it

"Resolved, by the Winnebago County Association of Union ex-Prisoners of War, that we most earnestly protest against the removal of Libby prison to Chicago, and emphatically and publicly denounce the projectors, whoever they may be."—*Rockford Register.*

A Newspaper in a Loaf of Bread.

During the American Revolutionary war some American prisoners were confined in Mill Prison, England. The prisoners had no way of obtaining any news from the outside world, but a friendly baker placed a newspaper in a loaf of bread that was carried into the prison, and on reading it the Americans learned of the surrender of Cornwallis. The news of course delighted them, and being unable to express their joy in any other way they made a British uniform for a dog belonging to the keeper of the prison and sent him out among the soldiers.

Fig-Pen Profits.

During the past few years it has been the fashion of writers on stock-breeding to present the pleasures and profits of raising horses, cattle, sheep and fowls in a very attractive form. Some of them have declared that fortune and happiness can be secured by raising these creatures with greater certainty than by adopting any other pursuit. Even the life of the cowboy has been presented as fascinating. On more than one ranch are young men who by no reverse of fortune have left elegant homes to enjoy what are called the delights of the far west. Many city gentlemen of wealth and leisure have adopted stock-raising as an elegant pursuit. They have paid extravagant prices for cattle and horses as others have for pictures and statuary. Some, who have not indulged in the costly luxury of a stock farm as a means of gratifying their pleasures, have purchased Jersey cattle to ornament their lawns, preferring them for this purpose to costly plants or fragrant flowers. Others who have but limited grounds have kept fancy fowls. In villages and cities the number of poultry fanciers has greatly increased during the past few years. Most of these persons would keep cattle, horses and sheep had they sufficient space for the purpose.

But during the time in which the praises of horses, cattle, sheep, chickens and ducks have been sung, few have spoken a good word for the pig. A great many bad words, however, have been spoken. Its flesh has been declared to be unwholesome even in its best estate. Many have been led to believe that the body of the average pig is the repository of a number and great variety of

The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1888.

Neighborhood.

SUPERIOR.

Mrs. Perry Wilber from Howell is visiting friends here.
Children's Day last Sunday at the Free church, and next Sunday at Dixborough at 2 o'clock.
Arthur Covert lost a two hundred dollar house one day last week.
That spool of barbed wire that so mysteriously got away from Geo. Willis a few days ago had better be getting back before it is sent for.
Mrs. A. H. Collins started for Colorado last Tuesday, to visit her daughter.

WILLIS.

Wm. Russell and wife of Elliot, California, arrived here last week. They will spend the summer with relatives in this vicinity. After a residence of thirty years in California, William fails to appreciate the Michigan frosts at this season of the year.
Miss Edith Strong has gone to Whittemore Lake to teach a four months term of school.
Sam'l C. Russell and wife of Superior spent the Sabbath at Charles Alban's.
Mr. and Mrs. George Iverson have returned to their home in Addison.
George McKintyre of Ypsilanti took a run down to Asa M. Darling's last Sunday, to try the mettle of his metallic horse.
Mrs. Geo. Thompson is still improving.
Mr. and Mrs. George Hall of East Milan, made us a pleasant call Tuesday. They were on their way to Detroit.
The spring term in the Morgan school district closed Monday, with a good time for the little ones.
The Sabbath School has commenced in the Morgan school house with Edward Taber as superintendent.
Mr. Ashley of Willis, died Tuesday night aged 73 years. Funeral at the Catholic church, Ypsilanti.
F. J. Rast has a very sick child.

BELLEVILLE.

B. F. Whitaker has given his store a coat of paint.
Mr. Thompson of Oakland, Cal., made Mr. Abner Miller a visit Tuesday.
Henry Raymond has opened up ice cream parlors.
The foot ball craze has died out.
Mrs. Geo. Carr of Dearborn was the guest of Mrs. T. M. Cody, Decoration Day.
Sixty teams went to the cemetery Decoration Day.
Henry Lewis of Dearborn, was in town Wednesday.
Mrs. Allen Nowlin of Ypsilanti, was visiting friends here Tuesday.
Fred Miller expects to leave for California soon.
Mrs. William Wasfall is on the gain.

STONY CREEK.

Mr. Peter Roger and wife spent Saturday and Sunday with friends near Monroe.
Mr. G. Muir and wife of Ypsilanti are spending a few days visiting friends in this vicinity.
Mrs. D. Holmes is getting better.
A load from this vicinity went over to the river fishing, last Friday. A fine time is reported.
Rev. Mr. MacMahon, wife and daughter, attended the exercises at Milan, Decoration Day.
Mr. Welch of Monroe is visiting his aunt, Mrs. G. Welch.
Miss Barry, from Eaton's Mills, spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Nellie Talladay.

SEALS LEARNING TO SWIM.

A Pup's First Trial—Results of Perseverance—A Big Frolic.

Early in August, usually by the 8th or 10th, I noticed one of the remarkable movements of the season among the seals. I refer to the pup's first essay in swimming. It is not odd, paradoxical, that the young seal, from the moment of his birth until he is a month or six weeks old, is utterly unable to swim? If he is seized by the nape of the neck and pitched out into the water a rod from the shore, his bullet like head will drop instantly below the surface, and his attenuated posterior extremities flap impotently on air. Suffocation is the question of only a few minutes, the stupid little creature not knowing how to raise his immersed head and gain the air again.

After they have attained the age indicated above their instinct drives them down to the margin of the surf, where an alternate ebbing and flowing of its wash covers and uncovers the rocky or sandy beaches. They first smell and then touch the moist pools, and flounder in the upper wash of the surf, which leaves them as suddenly high and dry as it immersed them at first.

After this beginning they make slow and clumsy progress in learning the knack of swimming. There is not the slightest supervision by the mother or father of the pup, from the first moment of its birth, in this respect, until it leaves for the north Pacific, full fledged with amphibious power.

For a week or two, when overhead in depth, the young pups continue to flounder about in the most awkward manner, thrashing the water as little dogs do with their fore feet, making no attempt whatever to use the hinder ones. Look at that pup now, launched out for the first time beyond his depth; see how he struggles, his mouth open, and his eyes fairly popping. He turns instantly to the beach, ere he has fairly struck out from the point whence he launched in, and, as the receding swell which at first carried him off his feet and out, now returning, leaves him high and dry, for a few minutes he seems so weary that he weakly crawls up, out beyond his swift returning wash, and coils himself immediately to take a recuperative nap.

He sleeps, perhaps, half an hour, then awakes apparently rested, and at his swimming lesson he goes again. By repeated attempts, he becomes familiar with the water and acquainted with his own power over that element, which is to be his real home and whole support.

Once boldly swimming the pup fairly revels in a new happiness. He and his brethren play with a zest, and chatter like our own children in the kindergarten—swimming in endless evolutions, twisting, turning or diving—and when exhausted, drawing their plump, round bodies up again on the beach. Shaking themselves dry, as young dogs would do, they either go to sleep on the spot, or have a lazzarino frolic among themselves.—"Our Arctic Province."

There is but one way to give: to share as children of the same Father that portion of the riches of the world and trust it to one care. Nothing else is true giving; it is merely tossing a bone to a dog.

The light from the top of Washington monument is visible twenty-nine miles distant, considerably farther than is the light on the Bartholdi statue of Liberty.

THE RISEN LORD.

LESSON XI, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JUNE 10.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxviii, 1-10—Golden Text, 1 Cor. xv, 20—Memorize Verses 5-7—Comments by Rev. H. S. Hoffman.

[Condensed from Lesson Helper Quarterly by permission of H. S. Hoffman, Philadelphia, publisher.]

Notes.—V. 1. End of the Sabbath, means the same as after the Sabbath. Began to dawn, daybreak near sunrise, Mark xvi, 2. Mary Magdalene, see Luke viii, 3. The other Mary, the mother of James, Matt. xxvii, 61. First day of the week, the first Christian Sunday. V. 2. There was, Revised Version, had been. V. 4. As dead men, by right were thrown into a tomb. V. 5. Fear ye not, be not agitated or troubled. V. 6. See the place, to satisfy yourselves that he is risen. V. 8. Departed quickly, run, the news was so good as to put speed into their feet. V. 9. All hail, a salutation which means rejoice. Held him by the feet, threw themselves prostrate before him, 2 Kings iv, 37. V. 12. Large money, much money to bribe them to conceal the truth. V. 13. Persecuted him, satisfy Pilate that he would not punish them.

V. 1. Jesus had now laid in the guarded tomb Friday night, Saturday, and Sunday night, and the morning of the first day (our Sunday) had come. In the twilight of the early morning, not only Mary of Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus, but several other holy women went their way to the sepulcher. Matthew omits the names of these women because he expects to continue his account of the resurrection in chapter xxviii, 1-10. The Mary of Magdalene, in Galilee, was delivered by Jesus from seven demons, but she is not the same as many think, with "the woman that was a sinner." While they bore the spices which they had prepared there may have struggled in their hearts, so filled with grief, a remote hope of his resurrection. These women, "last at his cross and earliest at his grave," were ready to receive the glad news of Christ's resurrection. The disciples were slow to believe it, showing the difference between woman's intuition and man's reasoning process in attaining his results. They went "to see the sepulcher." How true affection still prompts us to go to the place where a sainted one rests, to see the tomb of buried love. Is there not unconsciously in each such visit the hope of a resurrection of the body?

On the way they worried about the removal of the huge stone. How often were we concerned about difficulties which will be removed when we come to them.

V. 2, 3. There had been an earthquake, perhaps a repetition of the shock described in chap. xxvii, 51 (at the time of the Lord's death), and a divine messenger had descended from heaven to remove the stone. Jesus rose from the dead by the exertion of his own innate divine power. The earthquake and the shining angels but evinced his divine majesty, and were sent to overawe the guards and to show that Jesus was not taken from the tomb by human power. When the women approached the tomb, the herald of the risen Saviour sat in the shining robes of triumph and purity upon the stone.

V. 4. While the old heroes are trembling and impotent, the desponding become heroic; while the living become dead, he who was dead came back to glorious life. "The stone is rolled away," the shining one knew what sorrow the hearts of those women carried. Hence he said, "Fear not ye."

V. 6. The turning point in human history begins with Christ's resurrection. Every human hope springs from his empty tomb. "He is risen, as he said." Luke xxiv, 6-7. Jesus had repeatedly predicted that he would arise from the dead. He was willing to rest all his claims to the Messiahship and divinity upon his ability to overcome death.

V. 7. The women first to see the empty tomb, first to hear that he was risen, first to touch his resurrected body (v. 9) were made the first evangelists to make known his resurrection.

They were to tell the disciples, Mark xvi, 7, adds "and Peter." He, the saddest of all, was to have a drop of joy in his cup, showing that Christ had forgiven him. The disciples were to be told that Jesus would meet them in Galilee, as he had promised before his crucifixion.

V. 8. The joyful news put elasticity in their steps and enthusiasm in their souls. They made "haste" on such business. And yet with all the joy that throbbled in their bosoms there were mingled emotions of fear. "Fear at what they had seen; joy at what they had heard," Schaff.

V. 9. As they were hurrying on their way to tell the disciples Jesus met them. Jesus always meets us when we are earnestly in the path of duty.

Knocking down at his feet with beautiful Oriental simplicity and grace, the women worshipped him, rendering him divine homage.

V. 10. They were not to fear him though he rose from the chambers of the dead. They were not to fear the hate and persecution of their enemies. Christ rose to silence all fears.

V. 11-12. Contemporaneously with the women entering Jerusalem some of the guard, perhaps the officers, entered the city; one bearing the news of the resurrection to friends, and the other to the enemies of Jesus. Caiaphas and the chief rulers deemed the matter so important and the situation so grave that the great council of the nation was hurriedly called together. It has been stated that this was the last session that was ever held by the sanhedrin.

V. 13-15. The miserable subterfuge to which the rulers resorted to save their faces is that all the sixty soldiers slept at the same time, and so soundly as not to be awakened by the disciples as they rolled away the stone, lifted and carried away the dead body? If they slept how could they see that it was the disciples who stole the body? The disciples had no motive in stealing the body. They knew well that in doing such a deed those jealous Jews, who had crucified their leader, would not spare them. Why should they court danger and death from the Roman soldiers? Then how could they afterward exult in enthusiasm from such an imposition which would lead them to sacrifice property, fame and dear life itself? Then, besides, they were not a set of bold and fearless men prepared for any desperate enterprise. Peter, the most stout hearted, accused by a servant maid, denied him. What a great and unaccountable change was wrought in them, if they were now willing to rush upon a body of armed soldiers to steal the body of one whom they had the courage to defend while living. Judaism, in its death throes, resorted to a lie. But it had to die. Christianity took its place on the first Easter morning, for the Jewish Sabbath then ceased, and the Christian Sunday began. Ponderous stones, nor Roman arms, nor Jewish seals, nor sash-drum lies, could keep the Redeemer in the grave. He rose and stood beside his empty tomb, with the broken scepter of death beneath his feet. Thank God, Good Friday is followed by Easter "as God's amen and as men's alleluia."

Stalking a Flagstaff.
A Falmouth sportsman went out for beach birds recently. A glance across West Falmouth meadows showed him the long neck and head of a blue heron. Straightway he began to wriggle along the marsh toward the game. Every now and then he would raise his head to make sure that his prey had not flitted to fields more green, and then another rod of wallowing through green ooze and slimy mud. At last he came to an "aim," and raised to his knee—to find that he had been stalking the flagstaff and pennant of a sloop in West Falmouth harbor, a mile away.—Boston Journal.

A Tetrapterous Twirl given to the boys and girls with every one dollar purchase or more at W. R. Davis' Shoe Store.

Common Council Proceedings.

REGULAR MEETING. MONDAY EVE, JUNE 4, 1888.

Council met. Mayor presiding. Roll called. Aldermen all present.

P. H. Glover and others: That Childster be opened from Catherine Street. Referred to Committee on Streets and Walks. J. B. Van Fossen and others: For electric lamp at intersection of Forest avenue and Ann Arbor road. Referred to Committee on Street Lights.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS.
D. C. Griffin: Report of fine money collected during the month of April and May. Accepted and placed on file.

CLAIMS AND ACCOUNTS.

Ypsilanti Paper Co., brick and soda ash... \$ 2 20
S. W. Parsons, glass... 322 92
Mennelley & Co., bell and weight... 40
On motion accounts allowed.
B. T. Sweeting, wood... \$38 02
Paid from Poor Fund since May 1st.
S. W. Parsons & Co., lumber... \$32 09
Voted from 3d Ward Fund. Ayes 10, nays 0.
S. W. Parsons & Co., lumber 3d ward... \$14 13
Allowed.

NOTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.

By Ald. B. Kirk.
Resolved, That the Marshal be and he is hereby instructed to cause a sidewalk six feet in width to be constructed on the east side of Huron Street, adjoining property of W. Densmore and Mrs. D. W. Thompson; also a sidewalk six feet in width to be constructed on the west side of Washington street, adjoining property of W. Salyer; also a sidewalk six feet in width to be constructed on the west side of Huron street, adjoining property of P. W. Ross; also a sidewalk four feet in width to be constructed on the south side of Emmet street, adjoining property of W. W. Phillips; also a sidewalk four feet in width to be constructed on the east side of Belmont street, adjoining property of Miss Evans, within twenty days from this date, said sidewalks to comply with the requirements of Ordinance No. 15, relative to the construction of sidewalks, made and passed in Common Council the 30th day of February, 1882.
And if any person before whose premises such sidewalk is hereby ordered, shall neglect or refuse to construct such sidewalk within the time specified, it shall be the duty of the Marshal to employ some other person to furnish the materials and construct said walk, at a fair valuation, and report the same, with the account thereof properly attested, to this Council, for assessment against such premises, with ten per cent additional.
Adopted.
Dated June 4, 1888.

By Ald. Terns.
Resolved, That the City Attorney be and he is hereby instructed to notify the M. C. R. R. Co. of the unsafe condition of the railings to the bridges over their tracks on Congress and Prospect streets, and request that the same be replaced with a good tight-board railing.
Adopted.

By Ald. Goldsmith.
Resolved, That the Chief of the Fire Dept. is hereby instructed to see that the Engine House is kept in a proper and quiet manner, and that any act of inebriation or disobedience of his orders be reported to the council for their action.
Adopted.

By Ald. Goldsmith.
Resolved, That the Marshal be and he is hereby instructed to cause a sidewalk twelve feet in width to be constructed on the west side of Huron street in front of the property of Wm. Andrews, first ward, within twenty days from this date, said sidewalk to comply with the requirements of ordinance No. 15, relative to the construction of sidewalks, made and passed in Common Council the 30th day of February, A. D. 1882.

And if any person, before whose premises such sidewalk is hereby ordered, shall neglect or refuse to construct such sidewalk within the time specified, it shall be the duty of the Marshal to employ some other person to furnish the materials and construct said walk, at a fair valuation, and report the same, with the account thereof properly attested, to this Council, for assessment against such premises, with ten per cent additional.
Adopted.
Dated June 4, 1888.

By Ald. Forster.
Resolved, That Ald. Forster be and he is hereby instructed and empowered to enter into an agreement with the Commissioner of Highways of Ypsilanti township dividing the highway on the east line of the 5th ward, the 5th ward to take from the Fletcher road south to city limit and the township north to Congress street.
Adopted.

On motion Council proceeded to ballot for City Marshal, resulted as follows:
George Palmer... 4 3 4
G. H. Jackson... 3 2
C. C. Carr... 2
Jacob Terns... 1
P. W. Cleveland... 1
Jacob H. Martin... 2 6
A. Stuck... 1
Jacob H. Martin declared appointed City Marshal.

By Ald. Kirk.
Resolved, That the Committee on Streets and Walks be and they are hereby instructed to procure suitable street signs and have same placed at intersections of streets.

Ald. Terns moved substitute, that the Committee on Streets and Walks be and they are hereby instructed to advertise for bids for street signs and report cost of same to the Council soon as received.
Substitute adopted.

By Ald. Kirk.
Resolved, That the Committee on Printing be and they are hereby instructed to advertise for bids to do the city printing for the ensuing year and report same to the Council.
Adopted.

On motion Council adjourned to Monday Eve, June 11, 1888, at 7:30 o'clock.

FRANK JOSLYN, City Clerk.

Mortgage Sale.

By a mortgage bearing date the twenty-fourth day of February in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-five and recorded in the office of the Register of deeds for the County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, on the twenty-fifth day of February, A. D. 1887, at 7 o'clock and five minutes p. m., in Liber 57 of mortgages on page 597, Fred W. Coleman and Josephine Coleman his wife, to the mortgagee Frederick W. Cleveland, All those pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the township of Ypsilanti, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, described as follows, to-wit: The west part of the west half of the southeast quarter of section nine and six in town six, range seven east, and the north part of the east half of the southwest quarter of the same section, beginning at the northeast corner of said tract, thence running west thirty-five chains, thence south twenty-five chains and fifty links, thence east twenty chains, thence south fourteen chains and fifty links, thence east fifteen chains, thence north forty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and eleven acres, more or less, excepting and reserving always a strip of land conveyed to the Detroit, Huron and Indiana Railroad Company.

The amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is three thousand five hundred and three dollars and seventy-three cents. Default having occurred in a condition of said mortgage by which the power of sale therein contained has become operative, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt hereby secured or any part thereof, Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the said mortgaged premises at public vendue to the highest bidder, on Friday, the thirty-first day of August, A. D. 1888, at 12 o'clock, at noon, at the east front door of the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor in said county, said Court House being the place of holding the Circuit Court within said county.

Dated June 7th, 1888.
THOMAS NINDE, FREDERICK W. CLEVELAND, Attorneys. 4462 Mortgagees.

BALED HAY AND STRAW BY THE BALE OR TON.

ALSO THE BEST FAMILY CREAMERY IN THE MARKET.

It Cheers, but not Inebriates.

'Tis Healthful, Cooling, Refreshing, and It Tastes Good.

W. R. Davis' Ginger Ale

A NEW THING, And Positively the Best Summer Drink!

TRY IT AT THE

CENTRAL DRUG STORE

14 Congress Street.

Produce Markets.	
YPSILANTI, June 7, 1888.	
Wheat.....	90
Corn, ears.....	30 35
Oats, shelled.....	60
Rye.....	35 36
Barley, 9 cwt.....	1 00 1 40
Buckwheat.....	75 80
Hay.....	\$ 00 11 00
Beans.....	1 00 1 10
Peas.....	1 00 1 10
Potatoes.....	75 85
Turnips.....	30
Onions.....	85
Parsnips.....	45 60
Cabbage, 7 head.....	50
Butter.....	14 15
Eggs.....	10

Strayed or Stolen.
From Holmes' Livery Barn, Ann Arbor, on the night of May 30, a light bay, 3-year-old pony mare, black mane and tail. Brands "G", "R", and others. Heavy leather halter on. Notify A. A. Holmes, Ann Arbor, Mich.

A. B. BELL, DENTIST, VanTuyl Block, Congress St., YPSILANTI, MICH.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when necessary. JOHN B. VAN FOSSEN, D. D. S.

DENTAL ROOMS OVER THE BEE HIVE, UNION BLOCK, CONGRESS ST. Vitalized Air if desired.

Are You Marrying? Are You Furnishing? Have You Broken Anything in Our Line?

If so, just make a note of it and come quickly to see our Artistic Designs in

Crockery & Queensware

We have just opened up a new consignment of STANDARD GOODS, and have marked them down to such a low figure that everybody says our prices are the

LOWEST PRICES UNDER THE SUN

and all the people are buying from this large and

COMPLETE STOCK:-

It has been bought at low figures, and in order to let the folks know that we can sell these goods low, it will be sold for low figures. Buy while you have the chance to save money on the purchase.

This stock has no duplicate, and the prices at which it is to be sold have never been equaled. Call and examine it and be convinced.

Alban & Johnson

Are ready for it with a Mammoth Stock of

CLOTHING

Suits and Single Garments, A LARGE INVOICE OF

New Spring Underwear

AND NEW STYLES OF NECKWEAR.

LOOK AT OUR NEW HATS

OF ALL STYLES, GRADES AND PRICES.

Now is the time to look them over, while the stock is full.

Alban & Johnson.

Bradley, at the Ypsilanti Market,

is selling first-class Meat from 5 cents per pound up; Steak from 8c. up. All kinds of CANNED GOODS at nearly cost. Fresh Fish received every day. Cash paid for Eggs and Spring Chickens.

W. BRADLEY, HURON ST., NEAR POSTOFFICE.

The Finest, the Easiest to Operate, and the Most Economical

Vapor Stove

in the market. Call and examine them at the Huron Street Hardware,

Chas. M. Norton

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN.

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W. BRADLEY, HURON ST., NEAR POSTOFFICE.



HARRIS BROS. & CO., are agents for Thomas Wood & Co.'s Celebrated Coffees. If you want a good cup of Coffee give it a trial. Samples free. For sale only by the Tycoon Tea House.

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

Or do you think of using

Lumber or Paint

In large or small quantities? If you are, you should at once call on

S. W. Parsons & Co.

DEALERS IN

BUILDING MATERIAL

AND

Carpenter's Supplies of All Kinds!

Lumber Yard and Factory north of Public Square, east side; Branch Office and Paint Depot, Worden Block, Huron Street.

SEEDS.

Medium, Mammoth, and Alsike

CLOVER,

Timothy, Field Peas

OIL MEAL, CORN, OATS, GROUND FEED, FLOUR, MEAL, HAY AND STRAW

Always in stock at the lowest living prices. Special rates for large quantities.

We do Custom Grinding well and promptly.

O. A. Ainsworth & Co.

A Valuable Prescription Free !!

GO TO—

FRANK SMITH'S

EMPORIUM

For anything that should be found in a stock of

Drugs, Books, Jewelry,

Wall-Paper, Paints, Notions, OR FANCY GOODS.

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